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A YOUNG WOMAN IMMEDIATELY OPENED THE DOOR, LOOKING AT ME VERY CALMLY  
.... SHE HESITATED A MOMENT AND THEN ASKED ME IN

—Illustrating *The Sacred Spark*, page 23



# THE READER

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NUMBER I



**D**IRECTLY across the street from the old court-house, back in Macochee, thirty or forty years ago, there used to swing, creaking in the wind, an old weather-beaten signboard, bearing the legend "Fowler Brunton, Attorney at Law." The sign swung at the foot of an unswept stairway, narrow, dark and steep, which bore on each ascending step some other legend, advertising notaries public, insurance agents and real estate dealers; at the top, opening off the small, dingy hall, was Fowler Brunton's office. It was a large front room, with two windows looking down into Main Street and across into the great yard, where, through the restless boughs of elms and of maples, the old court-house revealed glimpses of its white pillars. The room was large and bare and sunny. Between the windows stood Fowler Brunton's high, old-fashioned walnut escritoire, littered with le-

gal papers; there were some shelves along another wall, bearing brown law books, their red and black labels peeling slowly from them; and in the middle of the room there was a huge stove, red on winter days from heat, and still red on summer days with rust; for Fowler Brunton never had the stove taken down in summer, and he never had it blackened. There were several chairs in the room, used by the clients and the loafers, who were on a footing of democratic equality there, and usually there were two, sometimes three, young men who were reading law with Fowler Brunton. They would sit for hours with Blackstone on their knees, running their hands through their long black locks, looking down into Main Street at the pretty Macochee girls who went by, or across at the court-house, and dreaming of triumphs that somehow included and united both.

The old court-house is now gone, and has been replaced by a new one—a garish structure of stone, overladen with ornaments of galvanized iron, and surmounted, at the top of its ungainly tower, by a figure of a blindfolded goddess, Justice, no doubt, with sword and balance—all of galvanized iron. One regrets the old court-house, with its quiet, simple dignity, and its massive Doric columns, as one regrets the old high-gabled building in which Fowler Brunton had his office, now replaced with a four-story "block," the Chaney Block, as the galvanized-iron letters on the entablature of its cornice proclaim it. One regrets, too, the girls that once went archly past, and one regrets the boys that looked down on them—their dreams and illusions now all gone. And, perhaps, more than all, one regrets Fowler Brunton, and the grace of the day in which he lived, and the ideals—or some

of them—that he held. Perhaps this is sentimental; but at any rate Fowler Brunton has gone with the days in which he lived and fought, and the companions of those days are gone, and the ideals of the profession he was said to adorn in those days are gone.

Perhaps this regret is but the effect of an illusion of youth, still persisting; perhaps it is but the confusing result of other youthful memories and unrealized dreams; perhaps one still looks at life from that farther side, when all seemed fair and graceful, brave and noble and imposing, like the vanished pillars of the court-house that once gleamed white through the green and gold of summer mornings,

"When all seemed possible, for all was yet untried."

There are, of course, older ideals than that of Fowler Brunton—older and



colder; the men who materialized them seem pale abstractions, scarcely human. Fowler Brunton was the leading lawyer of Macochee in his day, and embodied in his picturesque and somewhat romantic figure many things the profession of the law has lost; but back of him, remote, almost inaccessible, stands an elder and graver figure that represents ideals older still, ideals whose passing, perhaps, yes, doubtless, Fowler Brunton himself duly lamented in his time. These ideals were somehow limned in the old portrait that hung above the judge's bench in the old court-house, and hangs above the judge's bench in the new, the old portrait of Judge Zephaniah Talbott. If it were not for that portrait in oil, Judge Talbott might, indeed, seem a mere tradition; but there the portrait hangs, and, caught in the light of early afternoon, preserves the calm, stern, dignified, classic features, the face all smoothly shaven after the older fashion of the Republic, and not so pale, doubtless, as it was in life, for the unknown wandering artist who found himself in Macochee after the Mexican War had not the master hand, and used too much red, so that the almost pearly grays one can imagine as the key in which Judge Talbott's portrait should have been done are almost wholly lost. And yet it serves very well, and perhaps justifies its painter's artistic contempt of resemblance, which doubtless distressed the Talbott family and reconciled them to the portrait's hanging above the bench where Judge Talbott sat in ancient dignity through so many years. Seen there, dim, shadowy, upheld stiffly in the old-fashioned high stock, the face preserves what perhaps Fowler Brunton sometimes bemoaned as the old ideal, and doubtless scorned and scoffed at if the ideals got in the way of anything he wished to do.

There are very few people in Macochee who distinctly remember Judge Talbott in the flesh; he is a memory, an ideal, an abstraction; there are dim, fu-

gitive, childish impressions of him, say as walking down town of a serene morning, in high hat and cape, with his gold-headed cane. It may be he was the em-



bodiment and personification of all perfection, honesty, probity and honor—even honour, as he would have spelled it, for he lived in a day when the simple life was not a most complex, difficult and artificial affectation. And yet he must have been, after all, a mere human being, and consequently— But let us retain and cherish some illusions, at least, and forget that, as the old judge walked in his awful dignity down shaded Main Street in that morning so long ago, the boyish eye, turned upward on him, gazed in awe and with the furtive fear of childhood; the judge, of course, from his serene and awful heights, was all unconscious that the world held such insignificancies as children.

And, too, let us hold as many of our ideals concerning Fowler Brunton as we may. He was in his day, as has been said, the leading lawyer of Macochee, which means that he was the leading criminal lawyer. Scarcely any one ever spoke his name without adding immediately, not at all as a necessary identification, but as a tribute one was always glad and proud to pay—"the great criminal lawyer." And Fowler Brunton was

that; not because his practice was wholly confined to criminal cases, but because his dramatic triumphs were associated with criminal cases.

He was, indeed, a picturesque figure, who seemed to have been purposely designed for the striking part he was always playing. Not that he was conscious of playing a part, or not always, at least; that he could do when occasion seemed to require. He was, in a histrionic way, of a measure somewhat above any other figure to be noted in Maccochee, and whenever he played a part, it was of his own creation, and not the mere miming of the creation of another. No doubt, with his fine imagination, he was sensitive to the dramatic possibilities of the Great War, into which he went with the romance and confidence of youth, the enthusiasm of a fanatic, and the headlong, reckless bravery of a boy. He was just seventeen then, and he bore his part in the mighty conflict courageously and unselfishly. He went through the forty battles and skirmishes in which the "Bloody Sixty-Sixth" participated, and came out, just turned of age—having been preserved by the magic fate that protects the loving and the daring—came out unscathed—and a captain. And then, as did so many of his time, for his career was typically American, he began to study law. It did not in those days take as long to be admitted to the bar, or to get a practice, as it does in these; and in less than two years he found himself in the full swing of his career, combat-



ing now, as he was fated all his life long to combat, his old foes, though wearing other masks and fighting now on other fields. For Fowler Brunton was essentially a lover of humanity, and

passionately he threw himself into the world-old conflict for the Rights of Man. Was there anywhere a human being in distress, Fowler Brunton ran to his relief; sometimes it was the individual specifically he aided; sometimes, fighting for the principle, it was mankind in the mass. The poor, the outcast—though they were not many in Maccochee in those days—flew unerringly to him; he was known to smuggle his newest pair of boots out of his own back door at night to give them to a tramp; he was seen bending over a cur that lifted a wounded paw to him in the public square.

Politically, of course, he was in those days quite naturally classed as a Republican, for the party then held to its original love and passion for humanity. He never was in politics in the sense of seeking office; in those days the machine and the party boss were unknown; the system had not been turned upside down, and by means of free caucus and mass convention there was still some sort of fundamental democracy, some sort of representative government, in all of which Fowler Brunton had his part. He was seen and heard in the conventions, where he spoke in his eloquent, persuasive way, raging against anything that smacked of tyranny, or autocracy, or toryism; it nearly always happened that the man he nominated was chosen as the candidate, and the platform—not made in advance in those days—contained the declaration of principles he advocated. Two terms he represented his district in the legislature, and, just when he could have gone to Congress, he declined any further honors of the civic sort—why, no one knew, perhaps not even he himself. All he deigned to say was that he preferred to stay in Maccochee and practise law.

And there he stayed. In his office, on winter mornings, he would sit around his red-hot stove and consult with the farmers in their old blue army overcoats,



or perhaps philosophize whimsically for their benefit, or tell stories of the old campaigns they had waged together. In warm weather he might be seen on the



square, in the shade of the soldiers' monument, surmounted by the bronze figure of a cavalryman—which childish minds imagined as a statue of Fowler Brunton himself—talking, laughing, telling stories. You could easily pick him out of the group—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the long black frock coat the learned professions wore in those days, and with a broad-brimmed black hat slouched over his raven hair. He was smooth shaven, save for the flowing mustache, and handsome in a dark, romantic way. His white shirt and rolling collar could never be laundered by any one but the old darky woman who lived in Gooseville, and the black cravat could never be knotted with such assiduous carelessness by any other than himself. As the years went by, the black locks and the flowing mustache were thinned somewhat and grayed, but that only added additional picturesqueness to his appearance and increased the interest in him; he looked like a Marshal of the Empire.

One who loved humanity as he did was sure to be pretty human himself, and it may as well be admitted that the "good" people of Macochee, or those who set themselves up as the good,

seemed to belie their own claims to virtue by filling their minds and hearts with a rage against him. Perhaps it was because he could be so witheringly sarcastic at their pretensions, or so caustic in his wit and satire at their self-righteousness; perhaps it was because he was said to play poker night after night with a few chosen cronies, or because he was said to "drink," or because, now and then, in Sullivan's saloon, long after Main Street was dark and Macochee slept, he held high wassail and declaimed passages from Shakespeare, whom he knew by heart, or the long cadenced stanzas of Milton, or the all too perfectly balanced lines of Pope; sometimes, when the conditions were just right, he recited "Holy Willie's Prayer."

And yet, however much Macochee might condemn him, it was very proud of him as a lawyer. And it was as a lawyer that he shone and excelled and triumphed and came into a fame that was not to be confined to the limits of Macochee or any neighboring county, and scarcely by the confines of Ohio itself; his was a fame that spread over into Indiana, and even into Illinois, for as the years rolled by he traveled more and more abroad to deliver the "closing argument" in those great trials in which he was always being retained. Mostly, of course, they were criminal trials, yet not all; there were great will contests,



sometimes breach of promise actions, or suits for alienation of affections, and it was in such cases, in which the vital in-

terest was always human and held forth high dramatic possibilities, that Fowler Brunton shone.

Though, in their pride, his worshippers and people generally, in Macochee and out, spoke of Fowler Brunton as a criminal lawyer, he was not that; he was simply a lawyer. Those were not the days of specialties; society was in a more fluid state, had not precipitated itself into castes, settled into strata and substrata; one man was as good as another, and each had his opportunity in the world. The country was new, or the people in it were new, which came to the same, and their rights had not all been determined, even temporarily, rightfully or wrongfully. Land titles had not been settled; and there was plenty for the lawyer to do in getting them settled, and it would take many years before he could get them all settled, and thus at the same time settle himself, so far as that work was concerned, and leave it all to peaceable, humdrum abstractors. The people were just the people in those days; the day of the corporation had not come; when the people were divided, it was by lines that were not too strictly drawn, lines that would waver and bend

and break; the people were not yet massed in interest, consciously as to some, unconsciously as to others, against the corporations and the wealth they had monopolized. There came a time when the farmers driving into Macochee in muddy buggies in the spring could get "an abstract and opinion of title" from old man Moss for twenty-five dollars, or maybe ten dollars, without, as in the old days we are sentimentally regretting, going through a glorious, long-drawn and exciting lawsuit, stirring up whole townships and rending families, and alienating neighbors, and sowing the seeds of yet other glorious lawsuits, to say nothing of paying for the distinction of having Fowler Brunton for a lawyer. Which change was doubtless good for the farmers, who now might discard their old blue army overcoats and buy new ones with the money they saved, to say nothing of breeding a better and more godlike frame of mind toward their brother men; but it was hard on the lawyers.

But it is in the high noon and heyday of his glory that we like to think of Fowler Brunton. To do him justice—and I would do him a little more than





justice—he was never a promoter of litigation; many a case he compromised and settled, many an angry man he deterred from going to law, many a discordant and disunited family he brought together and sent home happy and reunited, with a kind of fatherly blessing which he could bestow with a generous and graceful flourish. For money he had a supreme and noble contempt; he scarcely ever knew how much to charge any one in the first place, and when he did reluctantly fix his fee, he was half ashamed of himself and apologetic. If the client were poor enough or begged hard enough, Fowler Brunton, indeed, might let him go free of charge, or even lend him money himself—if he happened to have any.

To Fowler Brunton the practice of the law was a fine art, and the simple, human conditions of his time gave him full scope for the employment of his powers; and so he practised, generally, in cases of all kinds, involving all sorts of questions, though, because of the bent of his mind and the talents nature had lavished on him, he found the exciting, the dramatic, the purely human cases more and more to his liking. There were many criminal cases, because the evil passions so mysteriously loosed by the war had not yet subsided, were still running riot in men's blood and playing havoc more or less with them, prey as they were, poor, weak mortals, to mysterious impulses, vague, sinister and terrible.

Fowler Brunton was none of your dry, case lawyers; precedents did not much concern him. He was not a deep student, at least of books or rules, but he was an avid, fascinated, enthralled student of men, of nature and of human nature. He read Shakespeare more than Blackstone, Burns more than Chitty, Dickens more than Story, Chapman's Homer more than Greenleaf, and the Bible more than any. And how he quoted from them all, especially the Bible, in those furious arguments he was always

having in Carter's store, whereby men wagged their heads at him, but secretly admired him all the more! He was, moreover, one of those remarkable men



of whom it is said that he read all of Scott's novels through once a year—a story, frankly, I never believed of him or anybody.

But it was in the big murder trials that Fowler Brunton rose to the height of his powers. It was in them that he revealed what great stuff was in him, in them that he realized almost ideally the great personality that was his. Forty-two in all did he appear in as counsel for defense, forty-two first-degree murder cases, and never one of them resulted in the state's killing its man. Truly a remarkable record this, and, indeed, a noble one—a record of life-saving seldom equaled by any one man. For it was not alone the lives of those forty-two he saved; what he did for them no one can estimate, of course, but he saved forty-two sheriffs, or forty-two deputies, from committing murder, and forty-two judges, and forty-two prosecutors, and forty-two clerks, and five hundred and four jurors from participating in those murders; to say nothing, or rather to say something, of the thousands and tens of thousands of citizens who stood behind these officials, represented by them, and acquiescing in these other killings which, as men stupidly thought, would be avenged by yet other killings. Specula-

tion might go further, run almost riotously on, and fatuously seek to estimate the countless other killings the world was spared by being saved the spectacle of these potential forty-two formal, official and legal killings; countless other killings the direct or indirect result of these because minds had been perverted by seeing or reading or hearing of them, by morbidly dwelling on their details, and by being sickened and diseased by all the hate and vengeance that drove the undeveloped heart of men to such horrid deeds. All these evils Fowler Brunton may be credited with having saved the world. Indeed, by the human love that was in him, he brought much joy into the world, and by the great pity



that was in him much solace, for it might have been of him that Ireland's great poet, Mangan, he of the "worn, waste soul," wrote his lines:

"He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,  
Here, and in hell."

Not all of these trials, of course, were held in Maccohee; only a few of them, indeed, for he was always going away to some other county, or to some other state, to appear in them. But those that he tried in Maccohee were events, occasions of such height in men's memories that they marked local epochs and were used to measure the march of time, like

the June frost of '49, or the May snow-storm of '83, or the coming of the new railroad.

Long weeks before the trial there were excited conjecture and eager anticipation. The *Weekly Citizen* published no daily issue in Maccohee in those days; boiler-plate had not yet made its advent in the world. Gossip and rumor then flew from mouth to mouth, and though there were no red-ink headlines to bawl it, it cried then, as now, much more loudly than Wisdom in the streets, and inflamed men's minds. There were no theaters, either, nor would any have been encouraged; there was scarcely any public way in which to give emotion vent other than by getting religion in the winter revivals. But they had their murder trials with Fowler Brunton; and this was real tragedy, with no paste-board gilt and tinsel theatricals, but real throbbing, pulsing men and women, and real human blood to make them catch their breath in horrid gasps, and send more than ghostly shivers creeping over their flesh.

At such times, as the *Weekly Citizen* duly chronicled in its leisurely, inadequate way, "business was generally suspended"; for a week while the trial lasted, the hitching racks on Main Street were crowded with teams, as if it were always Saturday, and inside the courtroom a great crowd was packed so closely that only a small pit was left in its center for the protagonists. And for a week the crowd bent forward, its eyes fastened not only on the man who had shed blood, but on Fowler Brunton struggling to keep other men from shedding blood; Fowler Brunton did not seem half so much to be there for the defendant as the defendant, miserable man, seemed to be there for him. Through the long days the crowd watched in the crowded court-room, overheated by the huge stove, and reeking of all the strong, primitive, human odors; they watched Fowler Brunton as he sat there by the

trial table, leaning forward, his graying hair in a rumpled shock, darting his black eyes here and there; they caught their breath at his scathing sarcasms, shrank vicariously from his bitter, biting irony, ventured a smile now and then at the caustic wit that played like a lambent flame over all those dramatic proceedings. As the days went on Fowler Brunton grew and increased in size and terror, until he was bigger than the prosecutor, bigger than those other lawyers whom the prosecutor in his fear always had the County Commissioners retain to assist him, bigger than the judge, however solemn and awesome he might try to appear; he grew until it seemed, to excited Macochee, that in his mighty rage he must burst the court-room, and stand up, alone, competent to engage all mankind and all of men's ancient institutions in conflict. For a week, sometimes for two weeks, the crowd looked on, almost emotionally exhausted, heart in throat, at Fowler Brunton's terrible cross-examinations. Then came a respite while the prosecutor spoke to the jury in the opening argument, and Fowler Brunton walked in such cramped space as he could find for himself—they always made way for him—back and forth, his hands under the long tails of his coat, his brow in a dark scowl, stopping now and then to prick his ears at something the prosecutor had managed to say, and then he would smile faintly, but with portentous significance, and resume his stride.

And then, at last, the court-room in pregnant silence—the speech!

No doubt he was nervous before his great effort, as your true orator always is, but he scarcely showed it; it seemed, instead, to be an impatience. He would begin in a low tone, speaking simply, almost in commonplaces, then gradually his beautiful voice, which nature had taught him so perfectly to use, would sink into lower tragic tones, and finally swell into loud, vibrant chords that sent

thrills through the heart. Sometimes the audience and the jury laughed, sometimes they cried, and as Fowler Brunton went on, with utter confidence in his marvelous resources, with all the poets, all the prophets, all the romancers, all the dramatists, all the classicists he had ever read at the will of his perfect memory, he quoted, recited, acted, and, slowly rising, dominated the whole scene, held the jury and the audience in his grasp, and played upon their emotions and their sensations, their fears and hates and superstitions and their very wills, as if in sheer artistic joy. His eloquence was often in demand; he delivered many orations and prepared addresses—on Decoration Day, for instance, with the old comrades he loved, and again for that one day was called "Captain" instead of "Lawyer Brunton"; on the Fourth of July, or at funerals and other occasions, but he was never so great or so convincing or so eloquent or so much the master of the great art as when he delivered those seemingly unprepared addresses to juries. Unprepared they were in a way by the very necessities of a case, for the lawyer scarcely knows at what hour he may be called upon to arise and go to the jury, but they were the result of a lifelong preparation, of deep and independent thought, of much reading at midnight, and the cultivation and subjugation of a mighty memory.

But Fowler Brunton had enemies, of course. Himself, first of all, as certain in Macochee—affecting a charity and a tolerance that served to give vent to their own hatred and intolerance—used to say; and besides, one who pursued his course, one who had such a sharp and ready tongue in his head was sure to cut and stab and wound, sometimes without the thought of offense, and often because to him a phrase was irresistible, so that when he found one he had to fling it forth, whomsoever it might hit. His art was often without purpose; it was more

often art for art's sake, and he must have wondered now and then at people's taking offense; surely, he thought, there was quite as much distinction in being the inspiring object of an epigram as the inspired coiner of it. But these enemies, after all, were nothing; he could have escaped them all, including himself, had he not had another, greater, powerful, irresistible, and remorseless, and that was the Spirit of the Times.

This Spirit of the Times was personalized for Fowler Brunton in one man, to wit, old Judge Chaney. By some mysterious and inscrutable fate, these two men were destined to a lifelong antagonism, like two beings representing and embodying two opposing principles or forces. They were utterly different, antipathetic; they ranged themselves on opposite sides of every question with the unerring consistency of natural antithesis. It may express the situation somewhat to say that the spirit of Fowler Brunton was the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, from which Fowler Brunton derived in lineal, legal descent. The spirit of Judge Chaney was the spirit of the Constitution of the United States as the Constitution originally stood before its perfect symmetry as the conservator of property interests was marred by the Amendments; from it, in its original state, Judge Chaney derived in lineal, legal descent. Fowler Brunton was all aflame with enthusiasm for the Rights of Man; Judge Chaney was frozen solid in adherence to the Rights of Things. Judge Chaney was older in years by far than Fowler Brunton, but, oh, so much more modern!

Fowler Brunton was all glow and fire; his blood was hot and human; he was reckless, lavish, generous, imprudent, unconventional, a despiser of formulas; he made mistakes and committed grievous human sins; his follies were many; he was a heretic and a rebel, and he knew repentance and even remorse; he was, in a word, human. Judge Chaney

was cold, formal, selfish, austere, a stickler for forms and ceremonies; he was wholly and ostentatiously orthodox, prudent, premeditated; he never made



mistakes; he had never broken one commandment of the decalogue, or felt in his veins the pulse of one drop of warm, red, human blood. Publican and pharisee—sinner and saint—a man and an institution—surely they were. If they could have been drawn into a joint debate in public—that is, if Judge Chaney could have been drawn into such a debate, which Fowler Brunton would have loved and welcomed, and even might have proposed had it ever occurred to him, knowing that all Macochee would have been present—that debate, reduced to its lowest terms, could have been thus stated:

Judge Chaney: "You're an infidel!"

Fowler Brunton: "You're a hypocrite!"

But the debate between Fowler Brunton and Judge Chaney was not to be settled in an evening; that debate lasted over long years, in which they were opposed in many lawsuits, public ques-

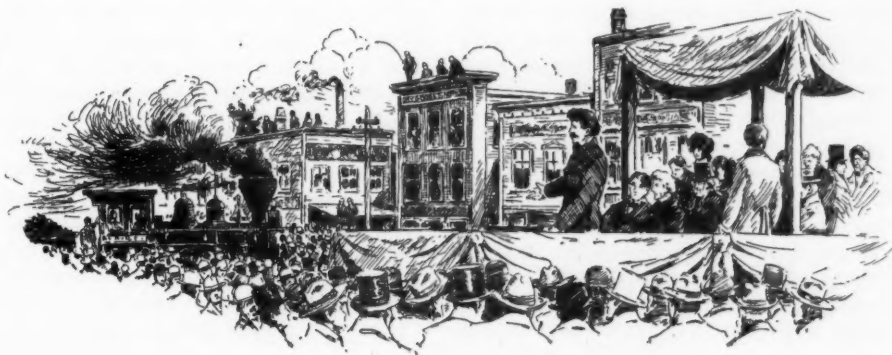


tions, local feuds and differences, with the issue long in the balance, doubtful, wavering, hesitating, uncertain. Then there came a space of time, after many years, when the old antagonism was recognized only by the futility of expressing it; two things only had been settled—that Judge Chaney was the best office lawyer in all that region, and Fowler Brunton was the best trial lawyer. Judge Chaney was good before courts, Fowler Brunton was good before juries. And then, for a long time, matters seemed to rest, in a peace honorable to both. But in reality, far below the surface of these conflicting and troubled currents, an influence was at work that was eventually to give Judge Chaney the ascendancy.

Fowler Brunton, as has been said, was a jury lawyer; Judge Chaney was an office, that is, a book lawyer. Fowler Brunton knew the Scriptures and the classics and the poets and the romancers, but Judge Chaney knew the Dartmouth College Case. To be sure, Fowler Brunton knew about it, too, but he had no such deep, crafty appreciation of its insidious possibilities as had Judge Chaney. Judge Chaney knew what it really meant, and in his withered soul devoutly recognized its latent powers, though he may have been, as the prolific parent of all a people's corporate woes, unconscious of its destiny. Yet he was ready to join with others like him in the

work of taking an artificial entity, nourishing it on fragments of legal fiction, and thus make in time a Frankenstein monster that could devour the very people who made it possible. He could stand by, chafing his cold hands in a cackling glee, while the "artificial person," the "body corporate" that Blackstone could innocently tell all about in eighteen of his little pages, grew into a real body, a bloated, distorted, abnormal, preposterous, insatiable, all-devouring body, whose rights and privileges and powers could scarcely be described or set forth at sufficient length by a whole army of industrious judges in vast libraries of law books.

It began, so far as Macochee was concerned, with the coming of the new railroad. The road, of course, was hailed with delight, and poor, unsuspecting Fowler Brunton even delivered an oration to welcome it; it was as if he were delivering his own funeral oration. The road was very grateful to Fowler Brunton, and even warm in its polite expressions of appreciation. But when it came to select an attorney in Macochee it did not retain Fowler Brunton—it retained Judge Chaney. And Judge Chaney turned all the ferrets of his mind loose upon the law books; slowly, craftily, patiently, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, he laid the structure of those legal bulwarks which were to protect the road, and so,



as well, other railroads, and in time other public service corporations. Fowler Brunton's striking epigrams, his brilliant figures of speech, his soaring perorations, his quotations and histrionic renderings of Shakespeare, even his legal mind scorning what dead men had said, thinking for itself, blazing new trails, reasoning and analyzing from principle instead of precedent; his effort, in a word, to spy out



justice in nature and draw the higher law from the clouds as Franklin drew the lightning—these were not what the railroad or its sister corporations wanted. They wanted a set of rules, precedents, precepts, a whole new body of doctrine; they wanted a web of law spun so fine and mysterious that none might escape through it, and with its loopholes so cunningly concealed that none but they could discover and get through them.

And this, through the slow, silent, unsuspecting years, Judge Chaney did. He secured decision after decision from the courts, all innocent on their bland faces, but concealing great potentialities; he piloted the railroad through the receivership, by which all the "public-spirited" stockholders in Macochee were despoiled of the sums they had subscribed "to aid a worthy enterprise,"—simple, honest people, who were to have no interest in the road thereafter save as, in years to come, they might serve as those mysterious widows and orphans over which Judge Chaney, when occasion required, could shed serviceable tears. He was to devise or adapt many curious, intricate new doctrines by which, in the lean years to come, Fowler Brunton's clients, injured by that same road or others, were to be denied damages, because they had been guilty of "contributory negligence," or had "assumed the

risk." Judge Chaney was to become expert in exploring the records of the past to give life to the forgotten words of men, dead long ago in England, to twist them and warp them and apply them to conditions those dead men, when they uttered those words, never dreamed of and could not have dreamed of because they were utterly unimaginable in their day. He was to institute lobbies, and

devise means of influencing legislatures and councils and boards of commissioners, and so in time become stockholder, director, general attorney of that railroad and of others, and to die, at last, rich and full of honors, and be buried with great pomp from the church of which he, all the while he was doing and devising these things, had been a pillar.

Thus, in the estimation of the modern world, Judge Chaney rose, and thus Fowler Brunton fell. Both men lived and lingered on, but Fowler Brunton's practice dwindled and wasted away. There were no more of those great dramatic events, those criminal trials; changes were taking place; there was little or no general practice; land titles had been settled, and as for crimes, either they were committed by those who had no money to hire lawyers to defend them, or the spirit of crime, of wrong-doing, had changed, as all other things had changed. Offenses there now were, but they seemed to be new, strange and baffling; the dubitating law had not as yet discovered or defined them, or else the men who committed them knew how to escape those penalties and other consequences. And Fowler Brunton was left behind, to stand and gaze with eyes that once had flashed their indomitable power and defiance now grown sad and misty, looking out with dim, wistful surprise at the things that were going on.



Now and then they would gleam with their old fire; now and then they would blaze with the old wit, as when one day, as he stood looking at the new block Judge Chaney had built on the site of the old gabled building where Fowler Brunton had once had his office, and remarked the large letters of galvanized iron that blazoned forth the judge's name on the building's entablature:

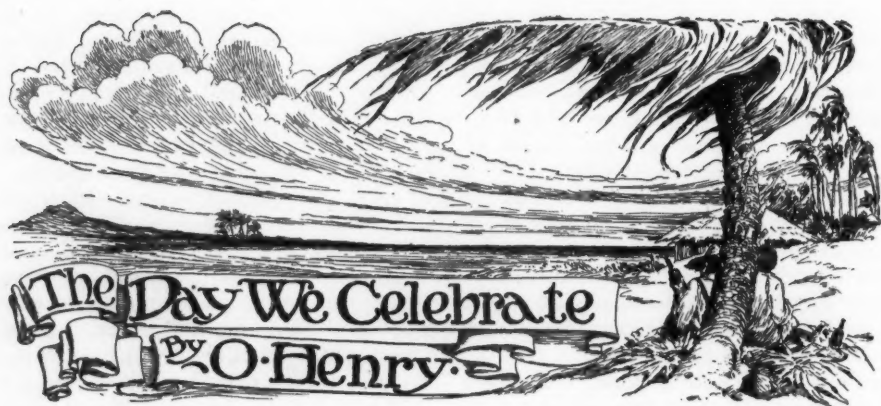
"There must be some mistake; that sign belongs on the front of the new court-house."

Fowler Brunton is gone, and Judge Chaney is gone; they have followed old Judge Talbott, and they have been succeeded by a new school of lawyers, deriving its standards and its principles, if it may be said to have principles, from Judge Chaney. The boys who used to sit in Fowler Brunton's windows and look down into Main Street or across at the court-house and dream have gone, too—gone away from Maccohee to the city. They laugh at those old dreams now; they laugh at Fowler Brunton in a new, smart, superior way. The ideals they have are not those he set before them; they avoid, it is true, his vices and his excesses, but from motives of a base and selfish prudence; the human virtues he had they laugh at. They can not, any one of them, make a speech, unless the froth and frivolity that brim from the wine cups of banquets can be called a speech. They have never made a jury weep or laugh; they care little for juries, indeed, and until such time as they can do away with juries altogether they keep their eye on the judge, who can "direct" verdicts. They do not reason from principle; they pile up precedents; with them the practice of the law is not an art; it is a business, a commercial

venture, an organizing syndicate. Their offices are the soft, luxurious suites of promoters, that need no three golden balls to invite men to enter and put their souls in pawn. Their ambition is not to be great jurists or great advocates; it is to be Corporation Lawyers. In their lexicons and encyclopædias they never look up the word "Justice." They have been, in the way of the world, successful; many of them have grown rich. They can not do the things that Fowler Brunton did; but by intrigue, even by bribery, corruption, they know how to induce legislation in councils and general assemblies, and then solemnly exhort men to respect the Law! They know how to tutor their clients in the theft of streets and water-fronts, and franchises, and vast privileges, and then, if any complain, they can talk of vested rights and warn against "confiscation." They know how to try cases to packed juries, and then to deplore the growing disrespect of courts; and, at no greater cost than the printer's bill, they know how to increase stock and bonds by millions of dollars' worth, on which the poor may pay dividends and interest, and they are so skilled in impassivity that they show no emotion beyond the tears they count as due the mythical widows and orphans they represent.

Fowler Brunton had many faults, and he defended criminals. But this, at least, may be said of him: he defended them only *after* their crimes were committed; he saw that they were accorded such rights as the law assured them; but he did not, by the acceptance of comfortable annual retainers, engage to advise them how, and with what skill, cunning and address, they could commit their crimes without violating the law!





"IN the tropics" ("Hop-along" Bibb, the bird fancier, was saying to me) "the seasons, months, fortnights, week ends, holidays, dog-days, Sundays and yesterdays get so jumbled together in the shuffle that you never know when a year has gone by until you're in the middle of the next one."

"Hop-along" Bibb kept his bird store on lower Fourth Avenue. He was an ex-seaman and beachcomber who made regular voyages to southern ports and imported personally-conducted invoices of talking parrots and dialectic parquets. He had a stiff knee, neck and nerve. I had gone to him to buy a parrot to present, at Christmas, to my Aunt Joanna.

"This one," said I, disregarding his homily on the subdivisions of time—"this one that seems all red, white and blue—to what genus of beasts does he belong? He appeals at once to my patriotism and to my love of discord in color schemes."

"That's a cockatoo from Ecuador," said Bibb. "All he has been taught to say is 'Merry Christmas.' A seasonable bird. He's only seven dollars; and I'll bet many a human has stuck you for more money by making the same speech to you."

And then Bibb laughed suddenly and loudly.

"That bird," he explained, "reminds me. He's got his dates mixed. He ought to be saying '*E pluribus unum*,' to match his feathers, instead of trying to work the Santa Claus graft. It reminds me of the time me and Liverpool Sam got our ideas of things tangled up on the coast of Costa Rica on account of the weather and other phenomenons to be met with in the tropics.

"We were, as it were, stranded on that section of the Spanish main with no money to speak of and no friends that should be talked about either. We had stoked and second-cooked ourselves down there on a fruit steamer from New Orleans to try our luck, which was discharged, after we got there, for lack of evidence. There was no work suitable to our instincts; so me and Liverpool began to subsist on the red rum of the country and such fruit as we could reap where we had not sown. It was an alluvial town, called Soledad, where there was no harbor or future or recourse. Between steamers the town slept and drank rum. It only woke up when there were bananas to ship. It was like a man sleeping through dinner until the dessert.

"When me and Liverpool got so low-down that the American consul wouldn't speak to us we knew we'd struck bed-rock.



"WE BOARDED WITH A SNUFF-BROWN LADY NAMED CHICA UNTIL OUR CREDIT PLAYED OUT THERE"

"We boarded with a snuff-brown lady named Chica, who kept a rum-shop and a ladies' and gents' restaurant in a street called the *calle de los* Forty-seven Inconsolable Saints. When our credit played out there, Liverpool, whose stomach overshadowed his sensations of *no-blesse oblige*, married Chica. This kept us in rice and fried plantain for a month; and then Chica pounded Liverpool one morning sadly and earnestly for fifteen minutes with a casserole handed down from the stone age, and we knew that we had outwelcomed our liver. That night we signed an engagement with Don Jaime McSpinosa, a hybrid banana fancier of the place, to work on his fruit preserves nine miles out of town. We had to do it or be reduced to sea water and broken doses of feed and slumber.

"Now, speaking of Liverpool Sam, I don't malign or inculpate him to you any more than I would to his face. But in my opinion, when an Englishman gets as low as he can he's got to dodge so that the dregs of other nations don't drop ballast on him out of their balloons. And if he's a Liverpool Englishman, why, fire-damp is what he's got to look out for. Being a natural American, that's my personal view. But Liverpool and me had much in common. We were without decorous clothes or ways and means of existence; and, as the saying goes, misery certainly does enjoy the society of accomplices.

"Our job on old McSpinosa's plantation was chopping down banana stalks and loading the bunches of fruit on the backs of horses. Then a native dressed up in an alligator hide belt, a machete and a pair of A A sheeting pajamas drives 'em over to the coast and piles 'em up on the beach.

"You ever been in a banana grove? It's as solemn as a rathskeller at seven A. M. It's like being lost behind the scenes at one of these mushroom musical shows. You can't see the sky for the

foliage above you; and the ground is knee deep in rotten leaves; and it's so still that you can hear the stalks growing again after you chop 'em down.

"At night me and Liverpool herded in a lot of grass huts on the edge of a lagoon with the red, yellow and black employes of Don Jaime. There we lay fighting mosquitoes and listening to the monkeys squalling and the alligators grunting and splashing in the lagoon until daylight with only snatches of sleep between times.

"We soon lost all idea of what time of the year it was. It's just about eighty degrees there in December and June and on Fridays and at midnight and election day and any other old time. Sometimes it rains more than at others, and that's all the difference you notice. A man is liable to live along there without noticing any fugiting of tempus until some day the undertaker calls in for him just when he's beginning to think about cutting out the gang and saving up a little to invest in real estate.

"I don't know how long we worked for Don Jaime; but it was through two or three rainy spells, eight or ten hair cuts, and the life of three pairs of sail-cloth trousers. All the money we earned went for rum and tobacco; but we ate, and that was something.

"All of a sudden one day me and Liverpool find the trade of committing surgical operations on banana stalks turning to aloes and quinine in our mouths. It's a seizure that often comes upon white men in Latin and geographical countries. We wanted to be addressed again in language and see the smoke of a steamer and read the real estate transfers and gents' outfitting ads. in an old newspaper. Even Soledad seemed like a center of civilization to us, so that evening we put our thumbs on our nose at Don Jaime's fruit stand and shook his grass burrs off our feet.

"It was only twelve miles to Soledad, but it took me and Liverpool two days



"LOOK AT THIS, SIR," SAYS I—"LOOK AT THIS THING THAT WAS ONCE A PROUD BRITISHER"

to get there. It was banana grove nearly all the way; and we got twisted time and again. It was like paging the palm room of a New York hotel for a man named Smith.

"When we saw the houses of Soledad between the trees all my disinclination toward this Liverpool Sam rose up in me. I stood him while we were two white men against the banana brindles; but now, when there were prospects of my exchanging even cuss words with an American citizen, I put him back in his proper place. And he was a sight, too, with his rum-painted nose and his red whiskers and elephant feet with leather sandals strapped to them. I suppose I looked about the same.

"It looks to me," says I, 'like Great Britain ought to be made to keep such gin-swilling, scurvy, unbecoming mud larks as you at home instead of sending 'em over here to degrade and taint foreign lands. We kicked you out of

America once and we ought to put on rubber boots and do it again.'

"'Oh, you go to 'ell,' says Liverpool, which was about all the repartee he ever had.

"Well, Soledad, looked fine to me after Don Jaime's plantation. Liverpool and me walked into it side by side, from force of habit, past the calabosa and the Hotel Grande down across the plaza toward Chica's hut, where we hoped that Liverpool, being a husband of hers, might work his luck for a meal.

"As we passed the two-story little frame house occupied by the American Club, we noticed that the balcony had been decorated all around with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, and the flag was flying from the pole on the roof. Stanzey, the consul, and Arkright, a gold-mine owner, were smoking on the balcony. Me and Liverpool waved our dirty hands toward 'em and smiled real society smiles; but they turned their



backs to us and went on talking. And we had played whist once with the two of 'em up to the time when Liverpool held all thirteen trumps for four hands in succession. It was some holiday, we knew; but we didn't know the day nor the year.

"A little further along we saw a reverend man named Pendergast, who had come to Soledad to build a church, standing under a cocoanut palm with his little black alpaca coat and green umbrella.

"Boys, boys!" says he, through his blue spectacles, 'is it as bad as this? Are you so far reduced?'

"We're reduced," says I, 'to very vulgar fractions.'

"It is indeed sad," says Pendergast, 'to see my countrymen in such circumstances.'

"Cut 'arf of that out, old party," says Liverpool. 'Cawn't you tell a member of the British upper classes when you see one?'

"Shut up," I told Liverpool. 'You're on foreign soil now, or that portion of it that's not on you.'

"And on this day, too!" goes on Pendergast, grievous—"on this most glorious day of the year when we should all be celebrating the dawn of Christian civilization and the downfall of the wicked."

"I did notice bunting and bouquets decorating the town, reverend," says I, 'but I didn't know what it was for. We've been so long out of touch with calendars that we didn't know whether it was summer time or Saturday afternoon.'

"Here is two dollars," says Pendergast digging up two Chili silver wheels and handing 'em to me. 'Go, my men, and observe the rest of the day in a befitting manner.'

"Me and Liverpool thanked him kindly, and walked away.

"Shall we eat?" I asks.

"Oh, 'ell!" says Liverpool. "What's money for?"

"Very well, then," I says, 'since you insist upon it, we'll drink.'

"So we pull up in a rum shop and get a quart of it and go down on the beach under a cocoanut tree and celebrate.

"Not having eaten anything but oranges in two days, the rum has immediate effect; and once more I conjure up great repugnance toward the British nation.

"Stand up here," I says to Liverpool, 'you scum of a despot limited monarchy, and have another dose of Bunker Hill. That good man, Mr. Pendergast,' says I, 'said we were to observe the day in a befitting manner, and I'm not going to see his money misapplied.'

"Oh, you go to 'ell!" says Liverpool, and I started in with a fine left-hander on his right eye.

"Liverpool had been a fighter once, but dissipation and bad company had taken the nerve out of him. In ten minutes I had him lying on the sand waving the white flag.

"Get up," says I, kicking him in the ribs, 'and come along with me.'

"Liverpool got up and followed behind me because it was his habit, wiping the red off his face and nose. I led him to Reverend Pendergast's shack and called him out.

"Look at this, sir," says I—"look at this thing that was once a proud Britisher. You gave us two dollars and told us to celebrate the day. The star-spangled banner still waves. Hurrah for the stars and eagles!"

"Dear me," says Pendergast, holding up his hands. 'Fighting on this day of all days! On Christmas day, when peace on—'

"Christmas, hell!" says I. 'I thought it was the Fourth of July.'

"Merry Christmas!" said the red, white and blue cockatoo.

"Take him for six dollars," said Hop-along Bibb. "He's got his dates and colors mixed."





Painting by Will Vawter

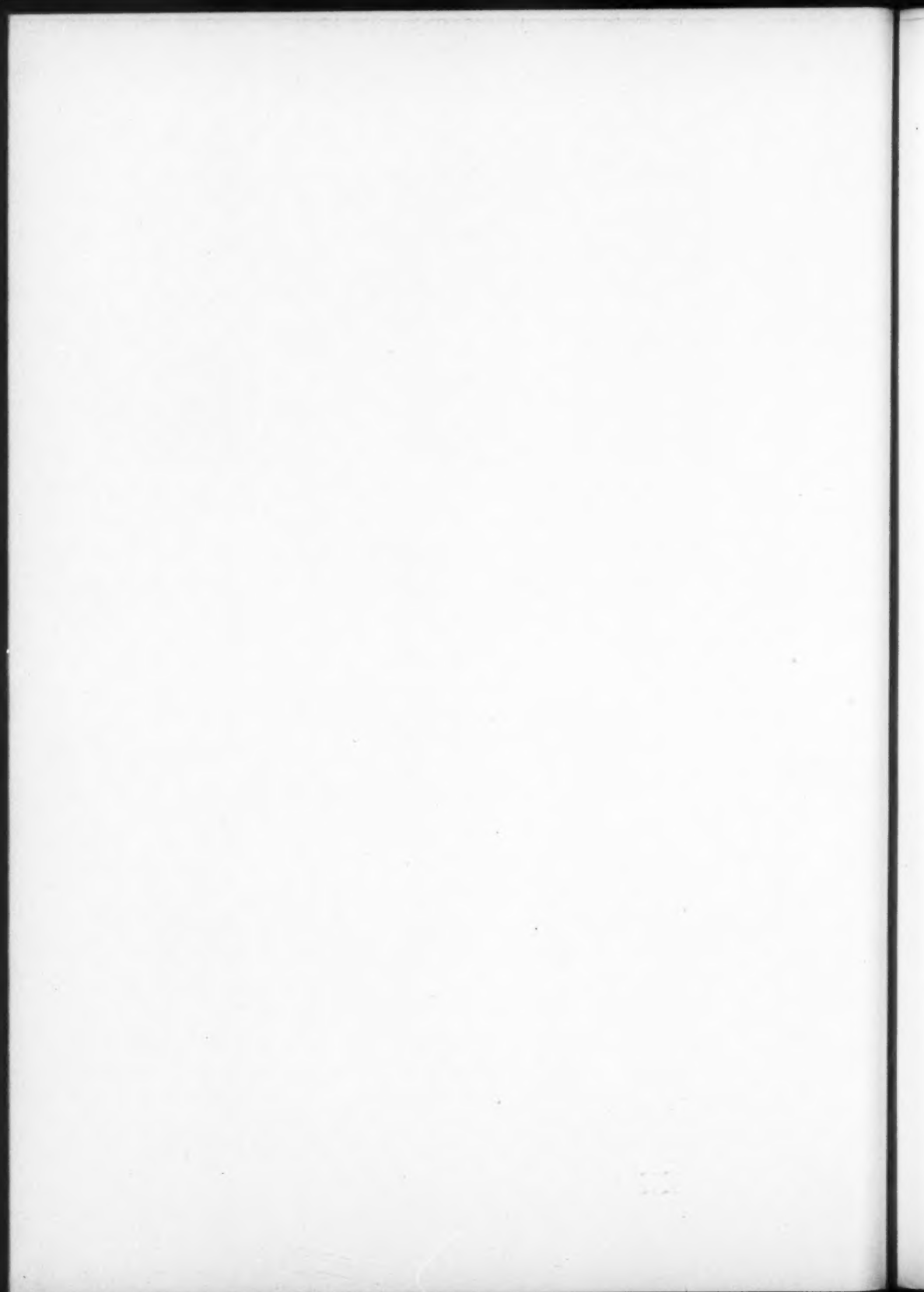
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## THE SONG OF THE LONELY GNOME

*By James Whitcomb Riley*

The drowsy eyes of the stars grow dim,  
The wamboo roosts on the rainbow's rim,  
And the moon is a ghost of shine,  
The soothing song of the crule is done,  
But the song of love is a soother one,

And the song of love is mine:  
Then, wake! O wake!  
For the sweet song's sake,  
Nor let my heart  
With the morning break!



# THE SACRED SPARK

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "The Heart Line," etc.

IT was some time after dark when I came to the house—the first one I had passed for miles—and I decided to stop and see if I could not put up there for the night. The ignition of my motor was working badly and gave me little power; I knew that it would take some time to investigate and repair the trouble, and the nearest village was far away. So I ran my car into the lane, alighted, and looked about.

It was an old, unpainted, shingled house of two stories, with a straggling line of outbuildings leading to the barn. The front garden was neatly laid out, the paths marked by whitewashed cobblestones, and two immense pink sea-shells on the stone step in front of the door. There was an orchard of apple trees beside the house, but beyond that, and extending behind so as to almost enclose the place in its dense shadow, was a pine wood. By the faint light of a low new moon the forest limits were ill-defined, but the place looked lonely and a bit melancholy in the darkness.

Seeing a light in what appeared to be the kitchen, I went round to that entrance and knocked. A young woman immediately opened the door, looking at me very calmly.

I got an impression of self-control and serenity from her appearance that assured me of a welcome even before she spoke. She had a frank, open countenance, its air of candor emphasized by her gray eyes, which were very wide apart beneath level brows. Her broad, high forehead and firm, slightly pointed chin made her face triangular rather than oval; this and her crisply curling hair gave her a childlike, confidential air. Her eyes opened widely and her mouth was generously large. I liked her at first glance.

I told her my trouble, and, without changing her serious expression, she hesitated a moment, and then asked me in. She confessed that she was alone and unprotected, and her sober gaze seemed to search my face as if to decide from my manner whether or not it would be proper to permit me to stay. I did not urge her—her evident innocence and guilelessness forbade me—but finally, with a first, faint smile, she gave her consent, and, taking up a lantern and lighting it, she led the way to the empty barn. Here I put up my machine, while she returned to the kitchen to prepare something for me to eat.

When I returned to the house, she had a small table laid in the kitchen with a simple meal most tastefully set forth with fresh white linen and shining silver. She sat down and served me prettily and unaffectedly while I ate. Before I had time to give my name she had introduced herself as Vesta Carey. She had lived in this house with her nephew for four years; it was the family home-  
stead of which she was the only remaining heir. In return I told her something about myself. Hardly had I mentioned my name when she exclaimed:

"Oh, I know, of course—you are an author!"

It came with a tone and a look that surprised and half-embarrassed me. Her face had suddenly lighted up like an eager child's. Her dark eyes grew still larger and shone brilliantly. She had involuntarily clasped her hands with excitement. It was all naïve enough, I am sure, though I thought it, at first, but the enthusiasm of the young girl for one who has, as she would say, "done things."

"Tell me all about your work!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Really, I'm so

interested! Don't think I'm going to ask what every one asks, how you get your ideas, and all that, but I do so want to know all about it—anything you can tell."

It did not take long to convince me that her interest was genuine and intelligent—she was to be put off with none of the means a writer has often to use to protect himself from those who would play upon his vanity—and, moreover, considering that I was her guest, and self-invited at that, I did my best to satisfy her curiosity. She listened intently, her eyes avidly upon me all the while; it was as if I had been telling a fairy tale to a child. When I stopped, conscious of my egotism, she shook her head thoughtfully.

"Oh," she said, "you've got it! You have the Sacred Spark! Isn't it wonderful? How I envy you! If I only had a trace of that divine power of creation! It's the only thing in the world worth while! It's what makes one immortal—think of taking cold, dead words and infusing life into them so that they can move people you've never seen! I don't think I'd care for the fame or for any other reward, but if I could only create something! Why haven't I any of that in me? Why haven't I the Sacred Spark?"

"Haven't you ever tried your hand?" I asked, a little amused at her heroics.

She stood before me with her hands behind her back, a slender, girlish figure, every muscle tense with emotion. Her calmness was quite gone now, and a rising color suffused the pearl of her skin. I never saw a franker, simpler gaze than that which she gave me—it was like that of a deer.

"Oh, yes, I've tried! How I've tried! But it's no use. It isn't merely that I don't know how, it's that I haven't got the spark—and I can't put it into anything to give it life. And no one ever wanted it more!"

Her cry was pathetic, but I had heard

it before; I placed her, thoughtlessly enough, with other women I had known, who wanted to accomplish great things without having the energy or persistence to overcome the difficulties in their way, unwilling to write and rewrite, to sweat blood over their work. I spoke to her as to a child.

"There are other things as fine as the creative instinct," I said. "And that seems to be given by chance. We can't understand the reason or the rationale of inspiration, but, to my mind, it's really no more to one's credit than beauty is. We have it, or we don't; it's like riches or contentment. All we have to do is to make the best use we can of what is given to us, and I have no doubt you don't hide your special talents in a napkin. Something is given you to do, no doubt, and I have no doubt you do it very well."

She smiled a little whimsically at my sermon, and her face then resumed its customary soberness. She pushed back the cloud of hair from her fine brow and shook her head.

"Oh, I have duties," she said. "But duties don't count. There's no credit or satisfaction in doing them—they simply must be done, that's all! But to create a work of art—to invent—to bring something to pass that was not before—oh!"

She stopped with a quick indrawn breath, her face glowing, her hands again clasped, till seeing my half-amused, half-admiring look, she became suddenly embarrassed and took up the lamp and led me into the sitting-room. It was a quaint, comfortable old place, without modern pretense of artistic decoration; a place, evidently, that had been long lived in unchanged.

On the top of an old maple secretary I noticed a pasteboard box, and, glancing in as I passed, I saw a tiny robin, resting on a bed of cotton-wool. The bird's wing was delicately bandaged. Miss Carey came up to me, and, with

her slender forefinger, smoothed the ruffled plumage.

"Poor little Robbie," she said. "He fell out of his nest to-day and broke his wing—how's that for an accident before your eyes are opened! I had such a time setting the frail little bone! I don't know whether he'll live or not, but I'm nursing him. I guess he'll pull through. I usually have good luck with pets and plants. I have some plants that people usually can't make grow in this climate. It's such fun to coax them along and encourage them to sprout. That's about all the excitement I have."

She put a pinch of bread into the funny gaping mouth of the robin and went to the window.

"There are several very interesting people near here," she said, looking out, "a little summer colony of them, all artists in one way or another. I suppose it is knowing about them that has made me so dissatisfied."

She cast a glance over her shoulder at me as she spoke, and smiled curiously, I thought. I went over to her and looked out. Apparently some two hundred yards away I saw three lights, half obscured by the boughs of the orchard, glowing rectangles of dull red. She watched me as I looked at them, still smiling.

"Is that where they live?" I asked. She nodded, biting her lip.

"Tell me about them!"

Her eyebrows arched slightly and she shrugged her shoulders humorously.

"Do you really want to know?" she asked. "Won't it bore you?"

It was, I thought, the first trace she had given of coquetry, but I insisted upon her telling me. She laughed and went on:

"Well, off to the right there—no, the left, I mean, of course, is where the Ruperts live. He is an artist, a portrait painter, and his wife designs—wall papers, oh, such lovely ones—I wish I could afford some of them! They've

both lived at—where is that place—Gretz, isn't it? where so many famous painters have lived? Mr. Rupert is very eccentric and makes epigrams all day. I wish I could remember some of them; they're funny, but I always forget them."

She broke off to give me a direct look, and said, "Are you really interested?"

Then, when I had reassured her, she put her finger to the pane and pointed, tapping the glass reflectively.

"Next to them, right there; there's a poet—Mr.—Stilton—Fixel—I always have to stop and think before I can remember it all. He's a real poet, though he's not at all well known yet. He's the true dreamer, the 'ghost-seer.' He's terribly poor, because he spends all his money on autograph manuscripts. He has dozens, hundreds. Would you believe any one would be so foolish?"

She put the question quite directly to me for an answer, and I nodded indulgently.

"You believe that people like that really do exist?" she insisted.

"Who starve for their luxuries? Certainly!" said I.

"Well," she continued, "the Paysons live to the left, there; no, the right, I mean. They are two sisters. One's writing a novel that never will get itself finished. But that doesn't matter—she has the Sacred Spark. Her sister writes humorous things. You may have heard of her—Elsie Payson?"

No, I had to confess that I had not. Miss Carey smiled. Then her look grew wistful again.

"They all have it! Why haven't I, I wonder?"

We were interrupted, that moment, by a noise like the cry of an animal in distress, from the room above. It was so harsh and unpleasant that I was startled by it. Miss Carey turned immediately, and her manner changed.

"Please excuse me for a few moments!" she said, and, going to one of the doors, entered a hall and ran up-

stairs. As she did so I heard another cry, and then her low voice in reassurance. It went on steadily, almost monotonously for a few minutes, then a door was shut and I heard no more.

I picked up a magazine to read while I waited for her to return, but the thought of her interested me more, and I sat, thinking. It seemed a hard fate for so young a woman to have to live so far away from the world, especially so for one so fitted to appreciate what might be hers were she not so secluded. What sustained her in such loneliness? How did she preserve her calm? There seemed to be but one longing to mar it, the absence of what she had called the Sacred Spark. I was ruminating over her situation when Miss Carey came back. Her serenity had returned with her, but it seemed to me, now, that I saw in it a noble acquiescence rather than submission. It was an active, not a passive mood, and showed power long held in reserve.

"My little nephew is not well to-night," she said, as she seated herself. "He had a nightmare."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Twelve. He's a little—backward, and so I'm teaching him, instead of letting him go to school." She took up her sewing.

"I'd like to see him. I'm rather fond of children," I said.

She did not look up, bending, instead, over her work assiduously. "I'm afraid he's not quite in a condition, yet, to see company," she said. I felt, somehow, that I had embarrassed her.

"It must be fearfully lonely for you here in the winter, when the artists are away," I offered.

She smiled, this time almost mischievously to herself. "It is lonely," she replied. "That's another reason why I want to write—or do something. One who creates need never be lonely, need he? He can make his own company."

"You take art pretty seriously and

duty rather easily," I laughed. "I'm afraid that I'm the other way, myself."

She tossed her hair from her eyes impatiently. "Oh, duty! One can always do one's duty; one has to. It doesn't thrill one, as art does—or should. Don't say it doesn't!"

"I've seen some duties performed that were true works of art."

"I want the Sacred Spark," she replied, shaking her head.

Then, laughing at her own solemnity, she arose and went to the window.

"The Ruperts have gone to bed," she announced. "At least, their light's out." She nodded her head as if she were talking to herself. "How often I've watched for that light to go out," she added.

"Do you see much of them?"

"No, very little indeed. I'm not at all their kind, you know."

There came another hoarse, barking cry from above, and she turned on the instant. Her face now was like a nun's, calm but intent; it had been almost whimsical before.

"I think I'd better go up, now," she said. "But I'll show you to your room first. Here it is!"

So saying, she opened one of the many doors in the square sitting-room and showed me a small room, all in white, neat and inviting of aspect. I bade her good night, and she went upstairs, leaving me to sit up and read or to put out the light, as I wished.

Before going to bed I looked out of my window, which was on the orchard side of the house. There was but one light burning now, in the direction of the artists' colony, and from Miss Carey's description it was evidently in the Paysons' cottage, where the two girls lived. As I watched, this, too, disappeared.

I heard my hostess's voice at times during the night, low and monotonous and soothing, interrupted, occasionally, by the same disagreeable cry, now somewhat muffled. I could not think what ill-



ness should cause so unpleasant a sound in a child's voice.

I was up and out into the barn betimes next morning, and had my motor in running order by the time Miss Carey called me in to breakfast. I asked her about her nephew.

"He's not very well, I'm sorry to say," was her reply.

"Can't I send back a doctor?"

"No, thank you, we'll get along. I'm so used to him that I know quite what to do." She seemed unwilling to discuss the subject.

I made no haste at my breakfast, for Miss Carey interested me immensely. I hated to think that I might never see her again. Her piquant changes of expression, from that of a nun to that of an eager child, her placid self-confidence, contrasted with her ingenuous interest in anything relating to literature, her wide-open eyes, now serene, now a-shine, all made me most desirous to know more of her. But she was a woman who, while evincing a candid simplicity in conversation, could show glimpses, secret vistas of reserves after reserves of character. There was great strength about her somewhere, despite her almost petulant craving for her Sacred Spark. I could not understand her.

She listened with absorbed interest to all I had to tell her of the artists and writers I had known, and asked me many questions. Every word of mine seemed to be treasured for future thought or use, as if we poor scribblers were of a higher order of intelligence. Her special enthusiasm, I decided, was bred by solicitude; it was, indeed, natural enough in a young woman so intense and virile as she, but her look followed me for long. I could not forget her.

## II

I found it so impossible to forget her, in fact, that I determined to see her again. I found a reasonable pretext in

the fact that I had left my note-book in her barn when I had been there at work, and though I might have written to her for it, I drove down instead.

As I had come that way before in the dark, and was not quite sure of the road, I stopped at the country store in the village this side and inquired of the postmaster. He told me that Miss Carey's place was some four miles beyond. For some reason I happened to mention the artists' colony, and asked if they were still there.

"I never heard tell of any artists down there," he said in surprise. "Where did you hear of them?"

His absolute ignorance of them instantly aroused my mind to caution, and I would have dropped the subject. But he was inquisitive.

"No," he went on, "Miss Carey has no neighbors that I know of nearer than a mile away on the other side from here. I expect she wants to keep away from folks as much as she can on account of Avery."

"Oh," I replied. "Her nephew?"

"Yes. Did you see him?"

"No," I answered. "He was ill, I believe."

"You were in luck!" He grinned sarcastically. "They say he's a sight! I never saw him, but he's an idiot, or worse, for he's deformed to boot. He ain't got any face to speak of—looks more like a pig than a boy. Why, he can't even talk. That kind ought never to be permitted to come into the world alive, I say. Too bad for a girl like Miss Carey to have to give up her life for a thing like that, ain't it?"

The revelation was poignant, and I left the store troubled in mind. All that Miss Carey had said, without bitterness, of duty was now plain enough to me—but what of the inexplicable tale of the artists' colony? Why did no one know of it? And why, too, had I not seen the cottages when I passed that next morning?

I ran out of gasoline on the way, and had to walk back for a supply, so that it was dark again when, the second time, I knocked at Miss Carey's kitchen door. There was no response. I pushed open the door and walked in, for the kitchen was lighted. The door to the sitting-room was shut and I was about to knock again there when I heard her voice.

"Get the ball!" she was saying.

"Get the ball!" she repeated. "There, get the ball, there! That's right! Now put it into the basket. Yes, in the basket. No, the basket, Avery, the basket!"

So she went on in patient iteration, her voice low and distinct and persuasive, while I waited, embarrassed, scarcely knowing what to do. Over and over again she went with the sentence, varying it now one way, and now another in her finely modulated tones, never with the slightest trace of petulance or disappointment, urging upon the feeble intellect the meaning of the words, and the exercise of its will.

I felt as if I had unconsciously invaded some sacred spot, and withdrew silently to give her time to finish her lesson before I made my presence known. The thought of the artists' colony returned to my mind, and, thinking to solve that mystery, I passed round the corner of the house and started through the orchard. It was so dark that I had trouble in picking my way between the apple trees, but at length I came to a stone wall, which I climbed, only to find myself in the pine woods, cool, deliciously fragrant, humming in the light wind. There was no place anywhere for a house that I could see in the obscurity, and I gave up the quest, followed the wall back to the road and again went up to the kitchen door and knocked loudly.

After a few minutes Miss Carey came with a lighted candle. When she saw me her face brightened, and I was pleased to see that she was ready to welcome me.

"Why, good evening! Is it really you

again? How nice! You startled me a little, for I was busy, and we don't often have visitors at this hour. Have you had dinner?"

I explained that I had, and why I had taken the liberty of coming again. It was to be but a call this time, and I could spend but an hour or so. She had found my note-book, and got it from a pigeon-hole of her old secretary. She handled it as if it were a mysterious and precious thing.

"I had to struggle against the temptation to look it over," she said. "One doesn't often get a chance to peep into a real author's notes. You don't know how I wanted to read it!"

I asked about her nephew.

"He's not very well; I'm worried about him," she said.

"I'm sorry. And the robin?"

"He's recovered and flown away, ungrateful little thing!"

"Like one's poems?"

"Not like mine!" she asserted. "Do you know that under the inspiration of your visit I did really try to write some verse! It was worse even than I expected. I'm afraid I have no real mind—I have only feeling. I can't make my emotions definite enough."

I told her that I thought that feeling was the truest ground for poetical expression; that feeling itself, rather than definite ideas, should be expressed in poetry,—that emotion should not be first translated into reasoning, but should come as pure color, indefinite, unexplainable, literally. That, in short, the test of poetry was that it should minister to emotions and needs that the poet himself had not exactly felt; that it should hold universal truth, and that, were it definite as prose, it would express but some special phase of psychology, a will rather than a mood.

She listened with her usual alertness and with her frank ingenuous look, and did not dispute my views. They seemed to encourage her somewhat, and I hoped

that the result might be that she would show me some of her work. But she was far too timid, and I could not persuade her.

"It hasn't the Sacred Spark!" was all she would say, shaking her head. "It isn't in me!"

She looked at me thoughtfully, and a smile flickered on her lips. She shrugged her shoulders and turned to look wistfully out the window. Upon that hint I asked her about the Ruperts. Her glance flew to me quickly as a bird in flight, and there was another expression of a sudden, the whimsical one I had seen before. I studied it now more curiously.

"Oh," she said, "they've been off on a picnic to-day, and they haven't returned. I suppose they'll be back soon. I always feel lonely without their lights—it's nice to know that there are people there, you know, even if one doesn't see much of them. Mr. Fixel has his sister visiting him. She paints miniatures, exquisite little bits of impressionism, not the old-fashioned painfully accurate kind. She's a blonde—really a stunning girl, who always looks as if she'd just been laundered. Mr. Fixel has got a new manuscript of Verlaine's, I hear."

She went on, looking out the window, as if to herself, speaking so dreamily that I could scarcely hear her. At last she looked round suddenly and caught, I suppose, the queer expression that must have appeared on my own face. She blushed suddenly, and turned away to hide it.

"It's queer I didn't see their cottages as I came by," I said.

"Oh, they're hidden from the road by a fringe of the woods," she said hastily, still keeping her face hidden from me.

I wondered at her apparent confusion, and the fact that I had found no houses in that direction. It seemed impossible, seeing how near the lights had previously appeared, that I could have missed them. But I was loth to urge her to ex-

plain further. Instead, I determined to attempt to gain her confidence in another direction.

"Miss Carey," I said, "I wish you'd tell me about your nephew Avery. I'll have to confess that I happened to hear something about him, and, if it's not too painful a subject, I wish that you could be sure of not only my sympathy, but my real interest. Please don't be afraid to trust me."

She looked at me wonderingly. "You know?" she said. "I hoped you wouldn't find that out. It seemed unnecessary to tell you, when you came as a stranger, but if we're to be friends it doesn't matter, of course."

"It has interested me wonderfully," I went on. "I can't say how immensely I respect you for the work you're doing. I can think of nothing more beautiful or noble."

She smiled and bent her frank gaze on me again. For a moment she sat so, without speaking. Then she said:

"Oh, no, it's not noble at all. It's interesting, as you say, when one has once begun it, and especially so after one has begun to make progress in it. I suppose that is my forte, if anything is, to be able to take the infinite pains necessary to develop an imbecile's intellect. That's all it is, though; simply a question of patience and persistence, like the solving of a long sum. There's no intellect, no particular talent needed for it; one simply has to go over and over the same thing, and work it out inch by inch. So long as I can see any gain at all, I'm satisfied, but you have no idea how slowly it has come! I've worked for hours and hours and days and days with nothing but faith to keep me at it—not the least sign of encouragement in any response from him. But the very seeming impossibility of it, and the incredible slowness of it has fascinated me and kept my interest. It has been like trying to build a mountain, one grain of sand at a time."

She had grown animated now, and

spoke eagerly, her face alive with irradiating charm. Her hands moved in pretty, unconscious gestures, as they had not before. If this was what she had spoken of as her duty, it was easy for me to see that she had practised it as an art as well.

"You see," she continued, "his father and mother both died when he was eight—four years ago. They had not been able to do anything at all with his mind—everything had to be done for him. If I had not taken him and given him a home he would have been sent to some asylum—and I couldn't bear it. So I came here to live with him, and I thought I'd see what I could do. At that time he was practically without any mind at all—he was a mere animal—indeed, he was scarcely that, he was a vegetable, for he couldn't even eat alone. But I noticed that his eyes followed me in everything I did, and that made me think that I might be able to teach him. Now he has about the intelligence of a child of three; he can understand a good deal of what I say, he can play and eat, and walk. But I can't seem to teach him to talk. I've worked and worked at it, day after day, month after month. I'm afraid he can't live long, and I've tried to be able to send him back to his mother with a soul in his poor little body. It is terrible to think that he should have been here twelve years and never have lived at all! If he could only say 'mother!' I'd be satisfied. I want to teach him that relationship, and how to express it. I think I'd be satisfied with all my trouble if he could only know that."

Surely if any one was fitted for such a labor of love it was this strong, simple resolute girl before me. She told it all without the slightest affectation, without apparent consciousness that she had been working a miracle. There was no pathos in it, to me; I felt nothing but the dignity and the sublimity of her task.

I asked, then, if I might not see Av-

ery, but to this she would not consent. It was evident that she feared that I would be shocked by his appearance.

"Of course, I'm used to him, and I don't mind," she explained. "I'm like a doctor in that; but I doubt if you could see the soul in him as I think I can. Indeed, sometimes I find a sort of beauty in his face, especially when he has mastered a new idea. You would not notice any change in his expression, I'm sure; but I've watched him so closely for four years that I can detect the slightest difference, and I know in an instant when he understands. I have always thought that, if he could talk, the expression might be permanent, and might work a great change in his looks."

She was interrupted by the same raucous call that I had heard before, and excused herself to go upstairs. She was gone some fifteen minutes this time, but, in the interval, I was quite sure that I heard the front door open and shut twice. I fancied that she must have had some trivial errand outside. I went to the window to look out, and saw that the three lights were now visible beyond the orchard. As I stood there Miss Carey entered the room.

"I see the artists have returned," I said, pointing out.

She smiled and followed my look.

"So they have," she replied. "I hope they've had a good time!"

"It's so strange that their houses are so hidden from the road when they're so plain from here," I went on, watching her.

She turned back to the table and took up a book idly.

"They're all overgrown with vines, you know," was her only comment.

I lingered by the window, for a curious thing had happened. One of the lights seemed to be swaying. I said nothing about it, however, and rejoined my hostess.

In the talk that ensued we grew better acquainted. I think I convinced her that



I was really interested in Avery's case, and I promised to do what I could to help her, by consulting the authorities and investigating modern methods of treatment. By the time I left I am sure that we considered ourselves friends.

I went but a little way with my car before an irresistible desire came over me to solve the mystery of the lights of the artists' colony, for, to my surprise, as soon as I had passed the house they were as plainly visible from the road as they had been from Miss Carey's window. I stopped, therefore, got out, and climbing over the stone wall, groped through the orchard on another tour of investigation. It did not take me long to find an explanation of the riddle, and I don't know whether I was most amused or disappointed by it.

What I found was three Chinese paper lanterns hanging from the boughs of the trees. From a distance they looked exactly like lighted windows.

### III

I was able to find out a good deal that could help Miss Carey in her care of Avery, and I not only sent down several books, but entered upon a correspondence that did not concern itself entirely with the treatment of imbeciles. That, however, was the basis of our friendship, and she forwarded to me from time to time reports upon the child's progress.

In addition to this she sent me a journal she had kept—the history of a soul in its struggle out of darkness. I think this was one of the most affecting things I have ever read.

He was, at first, a mere lump of flesh, hardly even alive, an atrocious, monstrous parody of a child. There was absolutely no co-ordination between his acts and what mind he had. His motions were mere reflexes, and his brain a jelly, registering, at most, only changes of temperature and light. She had, after six months' effort, taught him to feed

himself with a spoon; before, he had been able only to suck milk from a bottle. Little by little—her lessons were hours long—he advanced in intelligence till he could use his hands more, and at ten years of age he could walk. She began, then, to teach him the meaning of words, in such manner as I had chanced to overhear. As soon as he got to the point where he began to attach a meaning to her voice the first, long, dreary stage of her work was over. It was now but a matter of unremitting persistency, thought by thought, idea by idea, one thing after another, inch by inch, as she had said. Soon after he was ten years old he laughed for the first time—she had made a triumphant note of this victory, underscoring the words. At eleven years he could play sufficiently with a string of spools for her to be able to leave him alone for an hour or so and give her chance to do a little reading. From this time on his advance was, so to speak, rapid. But do what she could, it seemed impossible to teach him to talk, and she feared that some organic trouble in the throat would make him always dumb. He could emit only the harsh sounds I had heard, although her ears, accustomed to his voice, could distinguish different modulations in his cries, as one might learn to understand a dog's varying notes. So she was leading him upward, step by step. It was the work of a saint, or a god. How to reconcile the trickery with the lanterns with such a character I did not know. I was to find out, soon enough, and the explanation was pathetically simple.

I received a letter from her one day that brought me down to her by the first train. I had been meaning to visit her long before, but business had been inexorable in its demands for my presence in town. Now Avery was desperately ill, and she did not expect him to live but a few days. She felt the need of my advice and sympathy, for there was no one else on whom she could call. Such a



summons was, of course, imperative, and within four hours of receiving her letter I was knocking at her door.

Miss Carey was much changed. The vigil had told upon her; she was worn and thin, and her eyes burned from hollow circles. It was all she could do to preserve her wonted calmness now. One might perhaps have thought that she would welcome the relief in the ending of her long task, but she was of a different stamp. And, besides, there was one unfulfilled desire in her heart that could not be assuaged.

When we began to talk of Avery it came out between her sobs.

"I had hoped so that I could teach him to speak before he died! He's struggling so to find his tongue! I know how hard he tries! I have sat beside him for hours trying to help him. I have thought that if he could only meet his mother with her name on his lips. Do you think that is silly of me? Do you think it is wrong for me to want him to call me mother? It may sound sentimental to you, but that word means so much to me. I can't bear it!"

She consented, now, to let me see him, and led the way into the upper room where he lay. Well as I had prepared myself for the sight, in my first glance I must have shown some slight repugnance—it was purely instinctive—for she seized my hand and tried to take me away.

"Oh, come! I can't stand it!" she cried. "You loathe him—I shouldn't have permitted you to see him—it's too awful—but I am so used to him that I forget—I never think of it—I only see a possibility of what might be in him—what I long to awaken in him!"

I hated myself for my weakness. I walked up and took the small bony hand in mine. There was no shrinking now. After hearing her accents I think any one might have done it as easily as I.

She came up beside me and laid her face to the child's cheek—the contrast

was fearful! His eyes turned to hers, and in the child's I could see something more than intelligence—his eyes were filled with love—the love of a dog for its master.

"How do you feel, Avery?" she asked tenderly.

A hoarse barking sound issued from his lips. It was repeated, this time a little clearer.

"Do you hear that?" she exclaimed. "Can't you see how he's trying? Oh, if I could only keep him till he could talk! I'm sure I could teach him to talk!"

The face grew distorted, if that countenance could be said to be further distorted than it was already.

"He's suffering!" she said, and she went to the table for a glass of water and held it to his lips while he drank. The eyes followed her as she moved.

"Say 'mother,' Avery!" she said resolutely.

Again there was that guttural effort.

She turned away sadly.

"He can't live long; the doctor has just been here, and he says that there's nothing to do now but wait for the end. Perhaps if we leave him alone he'll sleep a little."

We went downstairs again, and as she lighted the lamp I walked to the window. There were no lanterns now amidst the trees.

"Do you know," she said, "the little robin I nursed came back the other day, after all; only he's a big redbreast now. He flew right into the room, for bread, I suppose. I knew him by his bent wing. It didn't heal very straight. They say it's bad luck for a bird to fly into the house, but I'm glad he came back, for I made him!"

I came over to her and caught her eyes.

"I see the artists are gone," I said. "I suppose *they'll* not come back now, will they?"

She saw by my face that I knew that little secret.

"Oh, what do you think of me?" she cried, sitting down and putting her face in her hands.

"Oh, as for that, I can't tell you just yet. I can't tell you, dear, till this trial is over. But I would like to know about the artists, though. It was all very pretty!"

I went to her and put my hand on her shoulder. She laid her head back languidly in the hollow of my arm and closed her eyes.

"I'm sorry it went so far," she said. "I didn't think of it as anything but a foolish little game I played with myself to keep up my spirits till you came. And then, after I had told you, in fun, it seemed so silly that I didn't dare to confess. I thought that I'd never see you again, and that it wouldn't matter. And, besides," she said, looking up at me, "I wanted to know whether, after all, I couldn't create something, even if it were only nonsense like that."

"I see. You did create them then: Fazel and Rupert and the Paysons?"

"All of them. I had invented them all long ago to keep me from feeling so lonely and stupid. Oh, I have been so much alone—for four years out of the world! I tried to fancy that there were others living near, interesting people, people who did things, not common country farmers. So I made up their histories and everything I could think of about them. You have no idea what a comfort it has been to me these long nights to look out and play my game! It seemed as if I were really creating something, as if I had the Sacred Spark, too! Then, when you came, I wanted to see if I could make them real to you, too. I thought that if you believed the stories it would prove that I had it, like the others—the spark. And you did believe at first, didn't you? I was frightened

because you did, and I didn't dare to confess. But you found out. I couldn't succeed in even that little mystery. It's no use; I haven't got the Sacred Spark!"

I had stooped, already to tell her what I had been holding back so long, when the cry came again from Avery's room. She flung herself instantly from my arms and ran to the door.

"Oh, come up! It may be the end! How could I have left him!"

I went after her quickly, but she was in the room and had taken him in her arms before I could reach her. The child was sitting up in bed with an agonized expression, his hands clinging about her neck. It was easy to see that he was suffering dreadfully, and that such pain could not last long.

And then, as I watched his face, I saw it kindle with a violent effort and he barked out again. Miss Carey's eyes burned on him; she seemed to look through into his struggling soul.

Again the cry came, but more distinct. Even I knew, now, what his effort meant.

And then, at the third attempt, the word came. It was not pronounced as children pronounce it; it was scarcely more than a half-articulated noise, but it was comprehensible to us both.

"Mother!" It had come, but the victory had taken all his strength.

Then the misshapen arms relaxed their hold, and the shrunken body sank down upon the bed. Miss Carey bent lovingly over him as his breath went in a last spent effort. We sat silently for a while.

"Can you think, now, that you haven't it, dear?" I said.

She looked up at me through her tears.

"I haven't what?" she asked.

"The Sacred Spark!"

# THE BABY AND THE PIRATES

By JOHN EDWARD LAUER

WHAT with the long chase, the extry work, and the fight them *William Penn's* put up, and us no liquor, you may say we was in no mind to be partic'lar; but when we seen they had run twenty barrels of good stuff into the scuppers and left us the bungholes to smell, we wouldn't 'a' give no quarter, even so we'd been minded to.

It takes me mostly in the stomach, when there ain't nothin' more a-doin' and the ship lays rollin' and groanin' like a human, and all her people driftin', driftin' slow and stidy to the bottom. It's then I needs rum, and ain't fit for nothin' 'out I got it. That's how I come to take another look about the cabin, thinkin' maybe they'd be a bottle of wine, and hopin' and prayin' it'd be brandy, when I spies a small door behind a curtain at the far end of the captain's cabin. I looks if any of them pirates was about afore I jumps for it.

"Here's his Lordship's private cellar," says I, and bumps my head outrag'us.

Maybe I'd a-holler'd otherwise; for, blow me! if there wasn't a young 'ooman in there walkin' back and forth. She stopped and looks me hard, soon's ever I put foot inside. I just stared, I did, I was that beat and put about, with my head a-achin' in jumps.

"Say," says I, "you didn't climb in that there stern port, did you?" Well I knowed we walked 'em all over the side.

"Well," says she, "what do you intend to do?"

"Who, me?" says I, taken plumb aback, her voice was that soft and stidy. "Who, me? Well, my purty, if you'll tell me where I kin get a dram to stiffen me insides, I might undertake to kiss you after; but the way it is I'm more sick than in love, what with all this fightin' and never a bracer."

"That's not what I mean," says she, comin' a step nearer and lookin' me be-

tween the eyes with them great shiny ones of hers. "That's not what I mean. Are you going to tell the others I'm here, and treat me the way you did them? Am I to die or live? That's what I want to know. If it's die, the sooner over the better. A few drops of this," says she, a-holdin' a wee flask to her lips, "and you can throw me overboard like you done the rest."

"I'm blow'd if I know what's to do, young 'ooman," says I; "if them wild ones find you, your dough is cooked, and no error there; but I'll tell you the truth, I'm no account to think, the way my head aches. If I had a dram, now, they's no tellin'."

She stooped and lifted a bottle from the locker, and holds it out the port.

"Stay where you are," says she. "Move like that again, and I drops it overboard; it's all they is, mind."

"Misses," says I, "you can't rightly know what you're a-doin' of; that there stuff is more'n gold to me. See, now, how I'm run down," says I. "If I don't get some of that, and don't get it soon, there ain't no tellin' what I'll do. Look at them hands a-tremblin'."

"You brute!" says she, "they's blood on 'em."

"And how am I to help it, mam, if they is?" says I. "I got to fight, or them pirates 'ud soon settle my bacon; but I've been brung up pious, I have; I don't look it, says you, but it's a fac'. I know my prayers, I do, right from truck to keel. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, young 'ooman; you give me that there little bottle, and I'll do as much for you. Let me see the son of a ramrod as'll raise hand ag'in you!" that's what I says. "You'll see. Just you show him to me!"

"That's all very fine, Mr. Gallows-bird—"

"My name's Fanshaw," says I.

"It don't matter much," says she. "It's what you're a-comin' to. And how am I to trust a pirate?"

"I reckon a oath on that, now, counts," says I, pointin' to a little cross what she was a-wearin'.

"Maybe," she says. "Hold up your right hand and touch this cross with your lips and say, 'May the twelve apostles and all the angels bring me shortly to the gallows and the imperishable fires of hell if I let harm come to those in this cabin, amen.' Say it," says she, "or out it goes, and I swallow this poison, and what better will you be? Hurry," says she.

"I hate almighty, young lady, to do it, but it looks like I have to." Then I done what she said. "Now," says I, mighty relieved, "hand it here."

She looks me over a bit, and then gives it to me. You may say I wasn't long a-knockin' the neck off'n that bottle.

"Oh!" says I, "that there's some better—a powerful sight better; and now we can talk."

"You're a man," says she, "and a person what I can trust. I see that, I did, soon's ever I clapped eyes onto you. You're not," says she, "by half so bad as you make out to be. You've got troubles, real live troubles, and that's what makes you carry on this way, makin' believe you're somethin' what you ain't."

"Young 'ooman," says I, "you're smart, that's what you are, and can look right up into the wind's eye, and leave a wake what's straight and clean-cut. What'd you say, now, to me a-ownin' up to two little ones, what I ain't never spoke a word of—two girls, hey? And them full of cakes and such, a-goin' to school this blessed minit by the sun—leastways they ought to be, hey?"

"Well, then," says she, "it's hard if you can't find it in your heart to befriend such as this."

Then very soft she draws a curtain. Strike me if ever I seen the e'k'l! It took me foolish! Like the insides of a chapel what I knowed of at home, white and

still, like a wax saint under a altar, lay a critter, purty like the holy Mary.

"Dead?" whispers I.

The young 'ooman shakes her head and says: "Hush, you'll wake the baby."

Where was my eyes, says you? Sure as drownin', they's a wee little one snug-gled close to the breast of that lovely lady. Then that there other one slides the curtain back, and I seen she was a-cryin'.

"I don't want her to die," says she, "leastways not now. And she gone through so much—so much; and you crazy fellows wantin' us to walk the plank, or whatever you calls it."

"Nor you shan't," says I. "Here's your very good health, and the little one's, too. Just you let me see the son-of-a-gun as'll lay a dirty paw on what's in here," that's what I says. "I'm a long ways the best man among 'em, and the swab as says I ain't has to prove it with a cutlas; on'y the Old Man; he's that deep and greedy for plunder there ain't no one can come a-nigh him. He don't let nothin' stand in the way of his gold; and so I told him when we was quarrelin' about fightin' ships on Sunday. 'Fan,' says he, pattin' me on the back, 'you're a good man to fight; none better; but that head of yours ain't worth no more'n that truck is to the main mast.'"

"And who is this Old Man?" says she.

"Who, him?" says I. "Cap'n Roberts hisself," says I.

"Is he very old?" says she.

"Who, him?" says I. "Not very," says I, "and college edicated he is; but that ain't nothin'; they's never his match put to sea—no ma'am, and that's a holy fac', too."

Them's the werry words I was a-sayin', when Slippery Bill sticks his ugly face inside before I know'd it; and he bumps his head good, so he does.

"My stars!" says he, rollin' his squinty eyes all around and around, and a-rubbin' his head, "this is what I call neat and hellegant—but not," says he, "a-

doin' the square by a shipmate. Liquor and lovely 'ooman! This ain't like you, Fan, a-keepin' of this to yourself. I'll thank 'e for a sup o' that."

I hands him the bottle, and he downs the last drop.

"My soul!" says he, "but I didn't know I was that near perishin'! Now, my dear," says he, grinnin' like a jack-ass and wipin' his ugly mouth with the back of his hand, "I'll thank 'e kindly for a kiss."

"Stand away, you brute!" says she.

"Sassy as a sparrow," says he, "and purty as a parrot. You and me'll get along fine when we's acquainted, you and me."

"Well," says she, lookin' me hard with them eyes of hern, what I never could look at without winkin', "are you goin' to keep your sworn word, or must I die after all? You coward!" says she, stampin' her foot, and tears a-comin'.

"Sheer off, Bili!" says I. "Sheer off and let be. I passed my sworn word."

"Hell you have!" says Bill. "Maybe, now, I passed my sworn word. You don't know, not you; and I guess my word's good as yours. Think I'm goin' to risk all the neck I got, so be as you, and some like you, get all the liquor and fun floatin' round? That ain't me, shipmate; guess you know that. There's others, all gentlemen, as'd like the looks of this here cozy little berth you feathered all for your lone. Maybe, now, I best call em."

Bill he steps to the door, when she cries out, sharp and sudden: "Kill him, you fool! Kill him!"

Afore I rightly knowed what I was doin', I lay hold on Bill and jerk him backwards on to the deck, and holds him there.

"Kill him, you fool!" says she, stampin' her foot.

"What for?" says I. Then she pulls Bill's dirk, so she does, and drives it under his collar-bone clean to the heart. Then she flings the knife down and says:

"You're a nice one, ain't you? You're

a fine figger of a man to stand there and let a 'ooman do your dirty work!"

"Who, me?" says I.

"Yes, you!" says she, a-mockin' of me.

"Blow me," says I, "but what's to do now? Where'll you and me be when the Old Man finds Bill's dead?"

"Do?" says she. "If I was a great hulkin' man like you I'd show you. Do? Pitch him out that window." And I did—leastways, she a-helpin'.

We ain't no more'n got that job done afore the Old Man hisself looks in.

"Why, Fanshaw," says he, "what's all this—what's all this? How comes it I finds a person here?"

He never looked at her at all, but me he stared foolish at.

"I'm sorry it's you, Fanshaw," says he, "very sorry. You heard the order and knows the rules, no one better, and they ain't never broke, leastways on'y the once't. Your share is considerable," says he, "and I was hopin' you'd live to get it, lad; but three-fifths of it's mine now, which is a pity, for I don't really need it."

She stares and stares at the Old Man, and she breathes quick, and her face is white. At them words she colors up and smiles. My, but she's brave! As for me, I know'd I was as good as so much pork.

"How much is that man's share," says she, "roughly put in figgers?"

"What's that?" says the Old Man, startin' at her voice like he'd been pricked. "Oh, well, now," says he, "I don't know as it's any o' your business, but I guess the information won't do you much good, or anybody much hurt," he says. "It's somewhere nigh two thousand pounds." With that he raised his hand to sound his whistle, when I'll be shot if that there 'ooman didn't slap it away from his mouth. Yes, sir, she did!

"Oh!" says she, "you men don't seem to have what sense you was born with! However did your mothers let you come to sea? Boys is what you are! How do you know but we can put a hundred times that in your pocket? You don't





WILD HACK  
Drawing by Robert Wildhack

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"DO?" SAYS SHE. "PITCH HIM OUT OF THAT WINDOW." AND I DID—LEASTWAYS, SHE A-HELPIN'

know it, hey? Well, I do, and I'll prove it if you can find sense enough to listen."

"Bless my soul, Fanshaw!" says the Old Man, "what's this you've made discovery of? That," says he, "is a wessel of another rig. Two hundred thousand! I'll not say but that'd cut some figger."

"See now, sir, beggin' your parding," says I, "if that there pretty had gone overboard, 'cordin' to orders, where'd that pile of good money be? Tell me that, sir? I know'd it; know'd it right along, I did. 'Fanshaw,' says I, 'you go slow,' I says, and sends word for you, too, I did. Maybe, now, that son-of-a-sea-cook what I sent didn't tell you, did he? I'll fix him," says I. "Just you let me get hold of him with these two fists! He'll be sorry, he will, he didn't tell you, when I was so wishful for it." With that I makes tracks after that there fellow, and never stops or takes breath till for'd of the mainmast.

By and by word comes I'm wanted aft, and there was the Old Man and that there 'ooman sittin' 'crost the table from each other, and papers and charts and what not all between; and they was figgerin' and figgerin'.

"You see," she was sayin', "it can't be far from what I said. They know this ship, and they know my Lady is a passenger. Captain Horton and his crew they *don't* know; you can be them. It's easy as takin' clothes off a line. That silver is to go back in this ship; once get it aboard, and there you are."

"I wisht I could trust you," says he.

"Don't you be a fool!" says she. "You want that money? Well, then, I want to live."

"Fanshaw," says the Old Man, "have a drink."

"Thank 'e kindly, sir," says I. "Here's wishin' you and the lady a fair wind and lots of it. But," says I, "young 'ooman, how comes this here bottle to be, when that other was the last?"

"Oh," says she, laughin'. "If it comes to that, did you find the messenger what you sent after Captain Roberts?"

I know'd then, if I didn't afore, that that 'ooman could tell a whale from a light-house.

## II

So the *Robin*, what we'd made a holy terror of, was scuttled (and time, says you, for she was fair rotten), and all walu'bles was put aboard the *Will'm Penn*, and us honest subjic's of King George. Purty soon after we has a king's ship down on us, like a boardin' house gone adrift, she was that topsided and hung about with clothes to dry. She comes boilin' and spankin' the waves to a biscuit toss of us.

"What ship is that?" hollers his lord high cock-a-doodle.

"*Will'm Penn*," sings out our Old Man, bold as brass. "*Will'm Penn*, new from Cardiff, bound to Port R'yal, Jamaica."

"You seem shot up some," says his highness in blue and brass ep'lets. "Have you seen anything of the *Robin* and the pirate Roberts?"

"Seen him and sunk his ship, and there's his gallows-tree," says Roberts hisself, pointin' to the yard-arm.

"Good-by," says his lordship, over the taffrail. "Sorry you didn't give us a chanst at him, though." His old tumble-sides stood on her nose a full minute or more, and then staggered off like a drunken washer-'ooman.

"This here's safer than takin' ships on the high seas," I says to the Old Man.

"Perhaps," says he.

## III

We made a werry purty run for them West Indy Islands, with the 'trades' a-throwin' tons' weight of wind into our tops'ls day and night. And mostly them two women would be settin' near the wheel a-sewin', and a-singin' sof' and purty to the kid. The Old Man comes along and jokes the maid; and once't I see her throw her slipper at him, and

hits him, too. And then they don't come out no more, and word goes the mother's sick and like to die.

Show me the man as cares to stand all by his lone in the hour before the dawn and watch those black waves, as knows no law or hindrance, stretchin' and leapin' hungry at the soft gray sky as is so near atop of 'em. It ain't human, that's what I says. As for me, why, give me a place to stow me head. A man what has to stand his trick and look out must take his dost and be sneered at by the sea, made mock of by the sky, and his soul bored through and through by the stars, and he'd best keep his eyes on the binnacle to save hisself from goin' crazy. So I was a-doin' and wishful for the dawn, and a-thinkin' of my two girls what was tucked warm in bed with a human house over 'em—leastways humans all about. "Jest you let me get back safe out'n this," says I, "and you'll never ketch me out here again. No, sirs! You gin me a chanst to sneak quiet like outer this here mess, and I sets up to live." So I was a-sayin' when the dawn poured in between the sea and sky and wedged 'em apart; and Corky he comes and relieves the helm. Goin' for'd, the maid whispers for me to follow her.

"Fanshaw," says she, "ain't there no place near here where we could land? Oh, well, I might's well out with it. We got to have a wet-nurse for the baby, and purty quick, too," she says.

"Sart'in sure you do," says I. "I know'd that. I been studyin' on it, I have."

"Who'd 'a' thought you was that much of a old wife, and with all your big doin', too?" says she.

"Well," says I, "happens I was home when my little Wiolet was born, and I learnt then what I ain't forgot and ain't noways likely to," says I.

"Oh, that's it!" says she. "Well, you can speak to Captain Roberts, but you needn't say I told you."

"You say it has to have one?" says the Old Man when I asks him about it.

"Sure it do," says I. "You wouldn't have the little feller to starve and maybe die, and him not christ'n'd, either, and nothin' but—gentl'm'n of fort'n' about?"

"That's all right, Fan," says he. "We'll say no more about it."

But the course is changed, and next day we has land clost aboard. The boats puts in and finds a planter's house. The grandee what owned it wouldn't let us have none of his 'oomen, not even when I tells him we has to have 'em. He ups and says we's pirates, and sets his niggers on us. Well, while that there plantation's a-burnin' I gets two squallin' old 'oomen tucked under me arms and puts 'em in the boats. And the way them drunken pirates laughs is fair disgustin', me bein' sober—leastways no more'n comfortable. Goin' back to that there planter's home for a cask what I'd seen, happens I runs ag'in a man who says he's a preacher.

"Don't you be noways scar't," says I. "Just you come along," says I, and I sets him between the old 'oomen in the boat. "This here's luck," says I.

"He don't look it; and which one on 'em, Fan, is you goin' to be spliced to?" says Corky.

"You gimme any more of your funny dog," says I, "and I knocks you overboard with the flat of this oar. You're hignerant and ain't never had no experience, nor bringin' up, neither."

When that young 'ooman of ours sees them two old ladies she gives me a look that made me feel smaller'n a day-old rat. But one of the other boats has a wench that seemed to suit her.

It's my helm from four to eight bells in the middle watch. I mind I was shakin' me fist at them wild waves, a-leapin' and a-jostlin' and a-wavin' out there, and a-lickin' the ship's side with their black tongues, like they fancied the taste of her and was wishful for more, when fair and clear up through the sky-light comes strong and hearty the cryin' of the little one. Then the maid comes and says he's all right now, and a-stuffin'

his little fool self. I steps for'd light and gay as a lady to a ball.

"Blow me," says the cook, "if I sees anything in this here bloody dog's life to make a man whistle at eight bells of a mornin'."

"Nor I ain't, neither," says I, "but I heard it, you tallow-headed apothecary."

One day they fetches out the baby and shows him off to the crowd. The Old Man he's in a good humor, and says to the 'oomen to let him hold him.

"Beg parding, sir," says I, "best give the babe a chanst. Get him baptized, shipshape and Brister fashion, first, so's he don't take no harm. Ships, let alone humans, has to be christ'n'd afore they's fit for seafarin' men," says I.

"Fanshaw'd be for breakin' a bottle of wine crost his head, mates, if we'd let him," says the Old Man.

"Reckon, now," says I, "water'd do—leastways I got a sky-pilot here 'at knows."

Then he's fetched, and we near gets into a fight over a name.

"Let be, lads," says I, "and call him after the old *Robin*. Never ship sailed was lucky as her."

"Best leave it to the mother," says the Old Man.

Blow me! if she didn't ups and says: "If Fanshaw wants him called Robin, Robin it is; and as for me, why, I thinks it a very purty name," she says.

#### IV

We sails southwest through them Bahamies, and her a-sittin' under a awning and a-rockin' the kid in a wee hammock what I made him, and singin' purty as a thrush. Then his mother, she don't come out no more, but ups and dies, which is most powerful unlucky. Just afore she goes she sends for me, so she does, and says she: "Fanshaw, you've been a hard hard man. You've shed enough blood to drown you, and took lives that will drag you to destruc-

tion. Even so," says she, "I trusts you with this little life. Don't let harm come to him, and I will pray the dear Lord to save you." Then she whispers: "Put him alive into his father's hands, and your fortune's made."

"Lady," says I, "what I can do that I will, but it ain't much."

We stands away for Jamaica through what's called the Windward Passage. The Old Man did a powerful sight of thinkin' those days.

"It's risks I'm a-takin'," says he, "great risks. Here I'm a-puttin' trust in you, lady, and for my life I don't know why. But," says he, "I've got a hostage here—a fine hostage—and I guess I'll keep him like that much treasure; hey, Robin, my purty?"

"Oh!" says she, a-walkin' off with the baby a-hugged up under her chin, and a-lookin' savage at the Old Man. "I'd think you'd be afraid you'd be struck dead in your tracks a-talkin' like that!"

'Long about Christmas day we lay becalmed off'n Port R'yal. The Old Man was mighty restless and cross. He'd stand lookin' at the land, bitin' his nails, and at times he'd look hard at her and frown. Then they'd talk and talk, and mostly I seen she had the best of it. He'd be for goin' right in, on'y no wind.

'Long about sundown, the Old Man bein' below, that there young 'ooman gathers in some washin' she's hung to dry in the rigg'in', and happens some of it falls overboard out of her arms.

"What's to do now?" says she, a-settin' down and cryin'. "It's all the good clothes Robin has to his name. Oh, what will I do? And we a-fixin' him to look purty when we gets in."

Corky Andrews he comes along and offers to swim for 'em. She cries out at that, for the sharks is all about.

"Can't you lower that there little boat, Fanshaw," says she, a-pointin' to the jolly-boat. "You needn't go and make a noise for to wake Cap'n Roberts."

We gets the things—leastways what ain't soaked up and sunk. And the



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"OH!" SAYS SHE, "I'D THINK YOU'D BE AFRAID YOU'D BE STRUCK DEAD IN  
YOUR TRACKS A-TALKIN' LIKE THAT!"



'ooman was mighty glad to get 'em, and she says to let the boat be and not wake the cap'n a-gettin' of it in.

A light breeze early in the night sets us well in to the shore. When I relieves the helm it set calm ag'in. The stars was a-shinin' fierce and strong all over the sky, like they was new polished, and extra ones hung out for a festival, and I minded it's Christmas night. The ship was a-rockin sof' and easy, like a old 'ooman nappin'. One o' the hands for'rd was singin' "Low lands low":

"Pick you up, pick you up, oh, that can never be-e,

I will shoot you, I will stab you, I will drown you in the sea;

I will shoot you, I will stab you, and I'll drown you in the sea,

And I'll sink you in the low lands low-o."

Then the hands jines in, and all sings:

"Low lands low-o, low lands-es low,

And they sunk him in the low lands low."

Dreary it sounded, and most partic'lar sad to me. The sails flapped the mast, one after the other, and a block squealed, and the reef-points rippled all acrost the sail like little feet a-scamperin'. The waves jerked and jostled the rudder, and the phosphor came and fled all about. The wheel, peevish and cross, rolled this way and back, complainin'. The ship was a-talkin' to the sea, and the sea understood, and the ship know'd, and the stars, and only us poor little humans was hignorent and where we hadn't ought to be, and they only let us alone 'cause we's too small to notice. "Let 'em once find us out," I says, "and where'd we be?" Then a ripple of wind like the sof' breath of a hinfant brings smells of the shore, and me heart turns to water a-thinkin' of the lucky ones what never leaves the land at all, and is in their beds the night through, year in and year out.

Never a wheel, never a lookout, never a dark night aloft, with death below a-watchin' for you, but jest a-settin' in the parks a-hearin' of the music playin' and the leaves a-fallin', and the old man with the broom what sweeps 'em up. Right then I wouldn't 'a' ast for a better job than that. With my two little ones a-fetchin' of my dinner—chicking and fried liver, cakes, and real coffee with cow's milk—and them a-playin' on the grass "a ring around the rosies." Then I'd light me pipe and watch 'em, and the horses and wagons and stage-coaches a-comin' and a-goin', and the houses, and the humans all about. And here I is, says you, nowheres in partic'lar, a-actin' the fool. And what for? says I to meself. Tell me that.

I was leanin' over the rail, lookin' at the whorl of the phosphor 'round the rudder, and a-watchin', too, the jolly-boat a-slidin' up and backin' off ag'in, and a-touchin' her nose to the ship like she was afraid and wanted in, when I feels a sof' touch.

"Fanshaw," says that remarkable young 'ooman, "I want you to slide down into that boat, quick."

"Who, me?" says I, that surprised I nigh fell over the rail. "What for?"

"Not so loud," says she, "and hurry up. You're going ashore," says she. "Mind, don't you keep us waitin'."

Blow me! if she wasn't gone afore I could straighten me back off'n the rail. What could I do, says you? If she'd stayed I could a-argified with her, but the way it was I jest done what she says, and there she was, a-holdin' a bundle to me what I know'd was our own little Robin. Then she gets in herself, purty handy for a 'ooman.

"Now cut that rope," says she.

"Who, me?" says I, for it seemed to me I was a-dreamin'.

She jest takes my knife and goes to cut it herself. If I hadn't ketched her she'd 'a' gone overboard, for the ship riz and give the painter a jerk and pulls the boat clost up, and when she come down



Drawing by Robert Wildhack

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THERE WAS THE OLD MAN LEANIN' ON HIS ELBOWS A-LOOKIN' AT US OUT'N THE STERN PORT

there was the Old Man leanin' on his elbows a-lookin' at us out'n the stern port.

"I think," says he, "you might 'a' said somethin' of this to me. Leastways told me good-by. Ain't I always treated you respectful?" says he.

As for her, she settles down in the bottom of the jolly-boat a-huggin' the baby and a-sobbin' like to break her heart. I was that desp'rit I ups and says:

"Cap'n Roberts, ain't you never been ashamed of yourself?"

"You shut your mouth, you fool!" says he. "You're a pair of fools, and I don't know but what I'm one, too. Get out!" says he. "Get out, the both of you! Fanshaw," says he, "don't you ever let me ketch you a-raisin' tops'ls on my horizon." Then he pulls in his head.

"Row again!" she whispers, "and row hard!"

I ain't more'n got the boat 'round, when there the Old Man is again.

"Here, what's your hurry?" says he. "Take this for the little one," says he, a-throwin' a heavy canvas bag onto the bottom boards. "Pity," he says to her, "you and me couldn't hit it off together. There ain't nothin' what we couldn't a-done. But," says he, "some day I'm a-comin' to see Robin—that is, if you'll let me."

"Oh!" says she, a-holdin' out the baby to him and cryin', "if you only would! I'll pray for you all the days of my life!"

We pulls away under the stars, and I

couldn't for my life keep my eyes from the ship, so lonely she looked and dreary. The lads still a-singin' "Low lands low." Faint but clear I hears one bell struck aboard, and then she's shoved back into the night.

"Missus," says I, a-rowin' all the time, "was that there a lie you told the Old Man about the silver and us a-sailin' off with it?"

She nodded her head. "That's bad hearin'," says I. "I didn't think it of you, you bein' brung up pious."

"I was fightin'," says she, "for this little life. I guess God'll forgive me."

"Looks like He'd ort to," says I. "How comes it," says I again, "you didn't let him take the ship in?"

"I was afraid for Robin. And don't you suppose the crew would get drunk and give the whole thing away? I couldn't find it in my heart to have you or the captain hung. But come," says she, "that's over. Let's get ashore."

The bells was ringin' for Christmas when we gets in, and the people's all goin' to church, and she ups and speaks to 'em; and presently we goes to a great house, and the baby's father's there, and a big grandee he is, too. He's been lookin' for his missus and the little one what was borned at sea. Come out in a king's ship, he did, and she follers in the *Will'm Penn*.

"Ought to 'a' know'd better," says I, "a-leavin' a handsome lad like Master Robin for them there pirates to fetch home, a Christmas gift to his dad."





## THE MAN WHO ARRIVES

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH HE COMES TO CANADA

By SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

Author of "The Failures," "Sunset Hill," etc.

*"We've seen your 'ome by word o' mouth,  
we've watched your rivers shine,  
We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of  
eucalip an' pine;  
Your young, gay countries north an' south,  
we feel we own 'em too,  
For they was made by rank an' file.  
Good-bye—good luck to you!"*

*Good-bye! So long! Don't lose yourselves,  
nor us, nor all kind friends,  
But tell the girls your side the drift we're  
comin'—when it ends!  
Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've  
taught us somethin' new:  
The world's no bigger than a kraal.  
Good-bye—good luck to you!"*

—RUDYARD KIPLING

THEY are coming, though probably when the gallant Canadian and Australian contingents went home from the Boer War in the dusty Transvaal and Kipling wrote "The Parting of the Columns" he hardly had in mind the Winnipeg Immigration Halls. But there they are coming. I stumbled over no less than half a hundred of them as I picked my way through the dust in the back yard of the great Canadian Pacific station to Commissioner J. Obed Smith's big day nursery, and brought up



Galician  
(Austro-  
Hungary)

before a door labeled "Immigration Offices" in nine incomprehensible languages, each worse than the last.

They are coming by the thousand. That sunny spring morning they stood by the score at a long, smooth counter, bending over maps, following the explanatory finger of a clerk, waiting their turn at gate and door and corridor, chatting in cockney English, muttering in throaty Roumanian and Bulgarian, spitting French, or laying down the law in leisurely, drawling United States.

Dialects and all, some thirty tongues must be spoken by the officers of the Immigration Bureau.

The larger part are English, however. Of the two hundred and sixteen thousand Canadian immigrants in 1906, seventy-six per cent. were English-speaking, and of these sixty-three per cent. were from the United Kingdom and her colonies, the remaining thirteen per cent. being from the United States.

Besides these there are French, Russians, Polish, Lithuanians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Finns, Scandinavians, Germans, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and almost every other variety of humanity sprinkled in.

Commissioner Milne, in Victoria, British Columbia, has the problem of the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus to deal with.

There is the inevitable Chinatown of the coast city, dirty, queer-smelling, evil, with dozens of little butcher-shops hung with unspeakable dried claws and joints and horrible dead things; with staring coolies and rattling voices and silent, dark, myriad-windowed, carefully-curtained little courts that hide heaven only knows what warrens.

There is the Japanese quarter up the hill, where there are open shops and pretty baskets and dainty, kitten-soft Japanese women peeping through the screens.

There is the Hindu



*Suede*

district out toward Westminster, where the red and blue turbans add a note of color to the sober blacks and grays and browns of the Anglo-Saxon. Handsome fellows are the Hindus, tall and straight, with finely-cut features and the erect grace of carriage that comes from generations of aristocracy. Sikhs and Punjabis they are for the most part, veterans of many a border skirmish, equals of any man. It is pathetic to see them in this West-

ern land, trying to work according to Occidental customs; but as one looks at their tall, muscular, lean figures, one believes in their eventual victory over time and place and circumstance.

Yet, although Commissioner Milne has eliminated the Asiatic peoples, Commissioner J. Obed Smith, of Winnipeg, has a large and various family to care for. I went over the five-story Immigration Hall, from the boilers in the cellar to the ventilators on the roof, in company with Mr. Saunders, who is the visible authority, the engineer of the machine.

We began with the baggage-room, where the miscellaneous boxes and bundles and trunks of the prospective settler are cared for by the Bureau. In one corner were piled stout, rope-handled boxes containing samples of Canadian grain, honey, fruit, etc., ready for shipment to Europe as advertising exhibits. Wagons containing these tempting



*Chinese*



exhibits travel through the country towns of England, and booklets on Canada are in great demand among the young farmers, who thereafter take advantage of the thirty-dollar immigrant rate "from Liverpool to the harvest fields," and become good Canadians.

I smiled at a mysterious automatic pump for increasing the water pressure when the city supply was too low to insure a good stream from the faucets of the fifth story, for Winnipeg, like a girl in the let-down-tuck stage of her teens, has outgrown her water supply system. I counted the boilers in the basement and noted the fire-proof divisions of the cellar; I peeped into the big store-rooms which occupy the central space on each of the five floors; I regarded the gap where soon a pair of elevators will be installed; I admired the careful fire protection by which any point in the building can be instantly reached with a huge fire hose; I smelt the cookery of the immigrants in the big kitchens, and saw many of them eating dinner at the long tables in the dining-rooms; and everywhere I marveled at the cleanliness and order.

It is no small task to keep up this absolute cleanliness with scores of vari-

ous nationalities of immigrants living, bag and baggage, children, canary-birds and household effects, in one room apiece for a varying number of days. Most housewives would shrink back aghast from the demands of the situation, but the officers of the Bureau of Immigration manage it, and manage it easily, without apparent friction or fuss. Everywhere

the clean, anti-septic odor of a hospital prevails. The rooms are thoroughly gone over with an antiseptic soap compound, and are frequently kalsomined. Everything, from the gongs of the double fire-alarm system to the floor of the office file-rooms, shines with scouring.

Those who fall ill go to the hospital building, where a slender, frail head nurse with olive hollows under her eyes does the work of two housewives and a book-keeper, and only longs

to go to the foreign field that she may do yet more.

"I'm afraid I'm not strong enough, though," she said wistfully. "Perhaps I shall never go. There is a great deal that can be done here."

And I could only wish her fulfillment of her pathetic dream as she turned away patiently to the measles ward, for it was the season of the year when



*Canadian mounted police*

*Doukhor (Russian)*

Mamie and Gretchen "have them," and Mamie and Gretchen are among the most important sojourners in the Immigration Halls.

Indeed, the children are everywhere. One tiny mite did a cake-walk, holding up her diminutive petticoats and singing to herself down the long corridor. An English baby beat his chubby fists on the table and crowed gleefully. In another room a Swedish youngster eyed us for a minute with great, sad, serious, blue eyes, and without a whimper of warning burst into a tearless roar that made me decamp in terror. Babies crawl on the floor, and sprawl over the cots, and toddle along beside their mothers' skirts. I hardly dared step without fear of putting my foot on some little creeper.

The families are made very comfortable in well-lighted, simply furnished, orderly rooms. The single men have dark, but clean and comfortable rooms assigned to them. The storerooms on each floor contain everything that the immigrant might, could, would or should have to tide him over until he can get things going in the new country and secure resources of his own. Blankets, tinned goods, lanterns, shovels, picks, spades, washboards, boilers, pillows, clothes, mattresses — everything

from a package of Uneeda Biscuit to a disc plough emerges at call from those many-shelved store-rooms to fit out the immigrant as he needs. The department plays nurse, teacher and maiden aunt to the prospective farmer, and sends him on his way in peace.

It is no small undertaking to uproot a man from his home over-seas, or in a well-settled country, and bring him to Canada to take over one hundred and sixty acres of raw land. Yet "The West" calls to him as it has called to men since the days of Semiramis, and westward he goes, leaving the lights o' London behind him, leaving the purple coast of Ireland, or the steppes of Russia, or the elm-shaded streets of New England or the chestnut groves of the sunlit Apennines behind him, leaving manor and farm and hut and chalet to those who are content to prune the ancient hedges and keep all things in the old traditional way.

*Sarcie Indian*

They say it is the man who wants the almighty dollar who comes to Canada. It is not true. It is the man who desires to fulfil his dream—the man who has heard of the Gardens of Hesperides, and goes seeking them. The Greeks were wise, and in their wonder-story is the germ of all truth. The golden apples were but the excuse—it was the search that lured, and thus it is to-day.

And so Commissioner Smith, seeing this, gives more to the immigrant than spades and blankets. He gives experience and patient, wise, humorous advice to the twentieth-century Argonaut. Many of them need it, for conditions in Canada are absolutely new to the city-bred people who have depended on mowing somebody's lawn to keep a jingle in their pockets, and on the corner grocery to put the casual loaf of bread in the pantry. In my enthusiasm, I said gaily that I wouldn't mind homesteading myself.

He looked me over, taking in my patent-leather slippers and lace collar and my smoothly-gloved hands.

"You know what a homestead looks like?" he queried, with a quizzical twinkle. "It's a piece of ground just the way the Almighty left it. There's no house on it until you build one; no

water unless you carry a flask; no food unless you take it in your pockets; nothing on it but a piece of sky, and that's too far away to keep you warm in winter. You take my advice, and save your money to buy a piece of land where some other fellow's knocked the corners off."

I had been suppressing a smile for three sentences, and as he finished, our eyes met. We both laughed.

"Good-by," he said. "Come again when you return to Winnipeg. I may be able to do more for you when you've seen the immigrant in his adopted wilds."

I promised to do so, and departed on a six-thousand-mile journey, so that it was nearly a month before I saw the Immigration Halls again, and almost greeted them as old friends.

In that time I had seen the immigrant becoming the settler, the farmer, the citizen, the millionaire, in half a thousand towns of the open prairie and the bush country. I had seen him breaking his first eighty acres

and putting up his log-and-clay shack; sowing miles of wheat and raising record crops of barley, oats, alfalfa, and potatoes; getting a lumber house; breeding blooded cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry; filling the red elevators beside the railway to the top; adding an "L" to



*The English "remittance man"*

his house; accumulating a useful bank account; becoming prosperous and happy.

"Remember this," said the commissioner. "We all came out here with fifty cents and a tooth-pick, just as these men are doing now. Isn't that so, Mr. Bowtell?" he inquired of one of the immigration agents who stood by.

"That's right," answered Mr. Bowtell, laughing. "Some of us didn't even have the tooth-pick."

"Not even the tooth-pick," laughed Commissioner Smith. "Remember that when you're writing about the immigrants. These men will all be well-to-do in five years' time, but ten to one the fellow who comes here with twenty thousand dollars to spend—



spends it, and doesn't get a thing back. Then he goes home and tells how there's no chance in this country. It's a country for the man who is willing to work and can use common sense."

Stories of misapplied farming and wasted money are not uncommon. Stories of fortune making by industry and



courage are even more rife. From the Russian Doukhobor to the settler from Illinois or Devonshire or Melbourne, it is the poor man who has made the money by the work of his hands and his head, while the speculator and the younger son have given up the country as a bad proposition.

In all towns of importance there is an immigration officer, and usually an immigration hall. Peter and Ole and Albert Edward are prepared for the fortunes of the road. At every little railway station the immigration officer is waiting to receive them, house them, pilot them, and look after them until they are in a position to depend on themselves, which is really surprisingly soon. Certainly the man who comes to Canada to settle is well cared for. And they are



Scotchman—Indian—American ranchmen

very grateful. In the files of the Immigration Bureau are sheaves and sheaves of letters from these men, reading something after the order of these which I copied then and there.

One man, who came from Iowa one year, took up land, and next year brought his family, writes:

*"I started with three thousand dollars and a carload of settler's effects. To-day we would not sell for thirty thousand dollars, and it is only five years since we came West."*

Strathcona is the twin city of Edmonton, the last town to the north, where they have eighteen hours of daylight in the summer.

*"Some three years ago my family and I experienced your very kind and courteous treatment, and a word of thanks has long been due you. Three years ago last fall we reached Strathcona with just one hundred dollars borrowed*

*money. Since then we have bought an improved quarter-section, live stock, and implements. We also own two city lots worth four hundred dollars each, and I expect to make about a thousand dollars on them this spring. I earn seventy dollars a month working in town during the winter months and work on my farm through the summer."*

These letters tell the story, both of the poor and the well-to-do man. They have worked and they have succeeded, and they thank the Bureau of Immigration, the department that has little to do with red tape, but much with red blood, the department that works day and night and Sunday, whose people live with the immigrant and work for him, from keen-eyed, quick-moving Commissioner Smith to the sub-assistant with the dustpan.



German





## SO LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

—PERCEVAL GIBBON—

Above Pendine, upon the height,  
The little chapel stands.  
Its yellow windows, broad and bright,  
Give answer back to Lundy Light  
Across the shallow sands.

And those who use the coastwise way,  
They know its constant gleam;  
From Tenby Head to Swansea Bay  
They trim and tack to keep its ray  
And carry it abeam.

From Cardiff on the western tide  
The ships come groping out.  
The night grows up; the seamarks hide;  
The chapel window becks, Go wide;  
They check and put about.

The headsails spill, the helm's a-lee,  
The weather brace is manned.  
Their faces we shall never see,  
But as she stays and edges free  
We know they understand.

We know that where the naked morn  
Is languid on the line,  
And where the bitter seas are torn  
To tempest at the sullen Horn,  
They think upon Pendine.

They think, and some, perchance, shall heed  
The little chapel's sign,  
That preaches, for the sailor's need,  
The everlasting sailor creed:  
So let your light then shine.

2

# THE COAST OF CHANCE

By ESTHER AND LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

Authors of "Mrs. Essington"

## CHAPTER I

FLORA Gilsey stood looking intently into the mirror at the other end of the hall. All the lights in the dining-room were lit, and she saw herself rather keenly set against their brilliance. The straight-held head, the lifted arms, the short, slender waist, the long, long sweep of her skirts made her seem taller than she actually was; and the strong, bright growth of her hair and the vivacity of her face made her seem more deeply colored.

She had poised there for the mere survey of a new gown, but after a moment of dwelling on her own reflection she glanced over the table. It was laid for three. It lacked nothing but the serving of dinner. She looked at the clock. It wanted a few minutes to the hour. Shima, the Japanese butler, came in softly with the evening papers. She opened one of the damp sheets at the page of sales.

There it was at the head of the column in thick black type:

AT AUCTION, FEBRUARY 18  
PERSONAL ESTATE OF  
ELIZABETH HUNTER CHATWORTH  
CONSISTING OF —

She read the details with interest down to the end, where the name of the "famous Chatworth ring" finished the announcement with a flourish.

From the first the business had been sinister; from as far back as the tragedy—the end of poor young Chatworth and his wife—the Bessie, who, before her English marriage, they had all known so well. Her death, that had befallen in far Italian Alps, had made

a sensation in their little city, and the large announcements of auction that had followed hard upon it had bred among the women who had known her a morbid excitement, a feverish desire to buy, as if there might be some special luck in the jewels of a woman who had so tragically died. And now the whole spectacular business was capped by a sensation so dramatic as to strain credulity to its limit. She could not believe it; yet here it was glaring at her from the first page. Still—it might be an exaggeration, a mistake. She must go back to the beginning and read it over slowly.

The striking of the hour hurried her. Shima's announcement of dinner only sent her eyes faster down the page. But when, with a faint, smooth rustle, Mrs. Britton came in, she let the paper fall. She always faced her chaperon with a little nervousness.

"It's fifteen minutes after eight," Mrs. Britton observed. "We would better not wait any longer."

She took the place opposite Flora's at the round table. Flora sat down, still holding the paper, flushed and bolt upright with her news.

"It's the most extraordinary thing!" she burst forth.

Mrs. Britton paused mildly with a radish in her fingers.

"What is the most extraordinary thing?" The query came bland and smooth, as if, whatever it was, it could not surprise her.

"Why, the Chatworth ring! At the private view this afternoon it simply vanished! And—and it was all our own crowd who were there!"

"Vanished!" Clara Britton leaned

forward, peering hard in the face of this extraordinary statement. "Stolen, do you mean?" She made it definite.

Flora flung out her hands.

"Well, it disappeared in the Maple Room, in the middle of the afternoon, when everybody was there—and they haven't the faintest clue."

"But how?" For a moment the preposterous fact left Clara too quick to be calm.

Again Flora's eloquent hands. "That is it! It was in a case like all the other jewels. Harry saw it"—she glanced at the paper—"as late as four o'clock. When he came back with Judge Buller, half an hour after, it was gone."

Flora leaned forward on her elbows, chin in hands. No two could have differed more than these two women in their blondness and their prettiness and their wonder. For Clara was sharp and pale, with silvery lights in eyes and hair, and confronted the facts with an alert and calculating observation; but Flora was tawny, toned from brown to ivory through all the gamut of gold—hair color of a panther's hide, eyes dark hazel, glinting through dust-colored lashes, chin round like a fruit. She looked far over the head of Clara Britton's annoyance that there should be no clue.

"Why, don't you see," she exclaimed, "that is just the fun of it. It might be anybody. It might be you, or me, or Ella Buller. Though I would much prefer to think it was some one we didn't know so well—some one strange and fascinating, who will presently go slipping out the Golden Gate in a little junk boat, so that no one need be embarrassed."

Clara looked back with extraordinary intentness.

"Oh, it's not possible the thing is stolen. There's some mistake! And if it were"—Clara's eyes seemed to open a little wider to take in this possibility—"they will have detectives all around the

water front by to-night. Any one would find it difficult to get away," she pointed out. "You see, the ring is an important piece of property."

"Of course; I know," Flora murmured. A faint twitch of humor pulled her mouth, but the passionate romantic color was dying out of her face. How was it that one's romances could be so cruelly pulled down to earth? She ought to have learned by this time, she thought, never to fly her little flag of romance except to an empty horizon—never, at least, to fly it in Clara's face. It was always as promptly surrounded by Clara's common sense as San Francisco would be surrounded by the police. But still she couldn't quite come down to Clara. "At least," she sighed, "he has saved me an awful expense, whoever took it, for I should have had to have it."

Mrs. Britton surveyed this statement consideringly. "Was it the most valuable thing in the collection?"

Flora hesitated in the face of the alert question. "I—don't know. But it was the most remarkable. It was a Chatworth heirloom, the papers say, and was given to Bessie at the time of her marriage." The thought of the death that had so quickly followed that marriage gave Flora a little shiver, but no shade of the tragedy touched Clara. There was nothing but speculation in Clara's eyes—that, and a little disappointment. "Then they will put off the auction—if it is really so," she mused.

"Oh, yes," Flora mourned, "they can put it off as long as they please. The only thing I wanted is gone—and I hadn't even seen it."

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure. There may be some mistake about it. The papers love a sensation."

"But there must be something in it, Clara. Why, they closed the doors and searched them—that crowd! It's ridiculous!"

Clara Britton glanced at the empty

place. "Then that must be what has kept him."

"Who? Oh, Harry!" It took Flora a moment to remember she had been expecting Harry, but she hoped Clara had not noticed it. Clara always had too much the assumption that she had taken him only as the best-looking, best-natured, safest bargain presented. "He will be here," she reassured, "but I wish he would hurry. His dinner will be spoiled; and, poor dear, he likes his dinner so much!"

The faint silver sound of the electric bell, a precipitate double peal, seemed to uphold this statement. There were muffled movements in the hall, then light, even steps crossing the drawing room. Those light steps always suggested a slight frame, and, as always, Flora was re-surprised at his bulk as now it appeared between the parted curtains, the dull black and sharp white of his evening clothes topped by his square, fresh-colored face.

"Well, Flora," he said, "I know I'm late," and took the hand she held to him from where she sat. Her face danced with pleasure. Yes, he was magnificent, she thought, as he crossed with his light stride to Mrs. Britton's chair. The evidence that he had seen something was vivid in his face. She had never found him so splendidly alive. She had never seen him, it came to her, quite like this before.

She shook the paper at him. "Tell us everything, instantly!"

He gaily acknowledged her right to make him thus stand and deliver. He shot his hands into the air with the lightening vivacity that was in him a sort of wit. "Not guilty," he grinned at her.

"Harry, you know you were in it. The papers have you the most important personage."

"Oh, not all that," he denied her allegation. "They had the whole lot of us cooped up together for investigation

for as much as two hours. I thought I shouldn't have time to dress! I'm as hungry as a hawk!" He rolled it out with the full gusto with which he was by this time engaged on his first course.

"Poor dear," said Flora with cooing mock-sympathy, "and did they starve it? But would it mind telling us, now that it has its food, what is true, and what was the gallant part it played this afternoon?"

"Well," he followed her whimsical lead, "the chief detective and I were the star performers. I found the ring wasn't there, and he found he couldn't find it."

"Don't you know any more than the paper?" Flora mourned.

"Considerably less—if I know the papers." He grinned with a fine flash of even teeth. "What do you want me to say?"

"Why, stupid, the adventures of Harry Cressy, Esquire. How did you feel?"

"Thirsty."

"Oh, Harry!" She glanced about, as if for a missile to threaten him with.

"Upon my word! But look here—wait a minute!" he arrived deliberately at what was required of him. "Never mind how I felt; but if you want to know the way it happened—here's your Maple Room." He began a diagram with forks on the cloth before him, and Clara, who had watched their sparring from her point of vantage in the background, now leaned forward, as if at last they were getting to the point.

"This is the case, farthest from the door." He planted a salt-cellar in his silver inclosure. "I come in very early at half-past two, before the crowd; fail to meet you there." He made mischievous bows to right and left. "I go out again. But first I see this ring."

"What was it like?" Flora demanded.

"Like?" Harry turned a speculative eye to the dull glow of the candelabrum, as if between its points of flame he conjured up the vision of the vanished

jewel. "Like a bit of an old gold heathen god curled round himself, with his head, which was mostly two yellow sapphires, between his knees, and a big, blue stone on top. Soft, yellow gold, so fine you could almost dent it. And carved! Even through a glass every line of it is right." He paused and ran the tip of his finger along the silver outline of his diagram, as if the mere memory of the precious eyes of the little god had power to arrest all other consideration. "Well, there he was," he pulled himself up, "and I can't remember when a thing of that sort has stayed by me so. I couldn't seem to get away from it. I dropped into the club and talked to Buller about it. He got keen, and I went back with him to have another look at it. Well, at the door Buller stops to speak to a chap going out—a crazy Englishman he had picked up at the club. I go on. By this time there's a crowd inside, but I manage to get up to the case. And first I miss the spot altogether. And then I see the card with his name; and then, underneath I see the hole in the velvet where the god has been."

Flora gave out a little sigh of suspense, and even Clara showed a gleam of excitement. He looked from one to the other. "Then there were fireworks. Buller came up. The detective came up. Everybody came up. Nobody'd believe it. Lots of 'em thought they had seen it only a few minutes before. But there was the hole in the velvet—and nothing more to be found."

"But does no one know anything? Has no one an idea?" Clara almost panted in her impatience.

"Not the ghost of a glimmer of a clue. There were upward of two hundred of us, and they let us out like a chain-gang, one by one. My number was one hundred and ninety-three, and that far I can vouch there were no discoveries. It has vanished—sunk out of sight.

"Well," he went on, "there'll be such a row kicked up the probability is the

thing'll be returned and no questions asked. Purdie's keen—very keen. He's responsible, the executor of the estate, you see."

But Clara Britton leveled her eyes at him. "Still, unless there was enormous pressure somewhere—and in this case I don't see where—I can't see what Mr. Purdie's keenness will do toward getting it back."

"I don't know that any one sees. The question now is—who took it?"

"Why, one of us," said Flora flippantly. "Of course, it is all on the Western Addition."

"Don't you believe it," he answered her. "It's a confounded fine professional job. It takes more than sleight of hand—it takes genius, a thing like that!"

Flora gave him a quick glance, but he had not spoken flippantly. He was serious in his admiration. She didn't quite fancy his tone. "Why, Harry," she protested, "you talk as if you admired him!"

At this he laughed. "Well, how do you know I don't? But I can tell you one thing"—he dropped back into the same tone again—"there's no local crook work in this affair. It should be some one big—some one—" He frowned a minute straight before him. He shook his head and smiled. "There was a chap in England, Farrel Wand."

The name floated in a little silence.

"He kept them guessing," Harry went on recalling it; "did some great vanishing acts."

"You mean he could take things before their eyes without people knowing it?" Flora's eyes were wide beyond their wont.

"Something of that sort. I remember at one of the Embassy balls at St. James' he talked five minutes to Lady Tilton. Her emeralds were on when he began. She never saw 'em again."

Flora began to laugh. "He must have been attractive."



"Well," Harry conceded with practicality, "he knew his business."

"But you can't rely on those stories," Clara objected.

"You must this time," he shook his tawny head at her; "I give you my word; for I was there."

It seemed to Flora fairly preposterous that Harry could sit there looking so matter-of-fact with such experiences behind him. Even Clara looked a little taken aback, but the effect was only to set her more sharply on.

"Then such a man could easily have taken the ring in the Maple Room this afternoon? You think it might have been the man himself?"

His broad smile of appreciation enveloped her. "Oh, you have a scent like a bloodhound. You haven't let go of that once since you started. He could have done it—oh, easy—but he went out eight, ten years ago."

"Died?" Flora's rising inflection was a lament.

"Went over the horizon—over the range. Believe he died in the colonies."

"Oh," Flora sighed, "then I shall have to fancy he has come back again, just for the sake of the Chatworth ring. That wouldn't be too strange. It's all so strange I keep forgetting it is real. At least," she went on explaining herself to Harry's smile, "it seems as if this must be going on a long way off, as if it couldn't be so close to us, as if the ring I wanted so much couldn't really be the one that has disappeared." All the while she felt Harry's smile enveloping her with an odd, half-protecting watchfulness, but at the close of her sentence he frowned a little.

"Well, perhaps we can find another ring to take the place of it."

She felt that she had been stupid where she should have been most delicate. "But you don't understand," she protested, leaning far toward him as if to coerce him with her generous warmth. "The Chatworth ring was nothing but

a fancy I had. I never thought of it for a moment as an engagement ring!"

By the light stir of silk she was aware that Clara had risen. She looked up quickly to encounter that odd look. Clara's way of getting up, and standing there, with her gloves on, poised and expectant, as if she were only waiting an opportunity to take farewell, took on, in the light of her look, the fantastic appearance of a final departure. "I'm afraid," she mildly reminded them, "that Shima announced the carriage ten minutes ago."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!" Flora's eyes wavered apologetically in the direction of the waiting Japanese. Clara's fleeting smile took advantage of her small deficit to point out to her more plainly than ever to what large blunders she might be liable when she had cut loose from Clara's guiding, reminding, prompting genius, and chose to confront the world without it.

To be sure, she was not to confront it alone; but, looking at Harry, it came to her with a moment's qualm that she did not know him as well as she had thought.

## CHAPTER II

For to-night, from the moment he had appeared, she had recognized an unfamiliar mood in him, and it had come out more the more they had discussed the Chatworth ring. It was not in any special word or action on his part. It was just in his whole presence she felt the difference, as if the afternoon's scandal had been a stimulant to him. Not through its romantic aspect, as it had affected her, but merely by the daring of the theft itself.

She wondered, as he heaped her ermine on her shoulders, if Harry might not have more surprises for her than she had supposed. Perhaps she had taken him too much for granted. After all, she had known him only for a year.

She herself was but three years old

in San Francisco, and to her new eyes Harry had seemed an old resident thoroughly established. So firmly established was he in his bachelor quarters, in his clubs, in the demands made upon him by the city's society, that it had never occurred to her he had ever lived anywhere else. Nor had he happened to mention anything of his previous life until to-night, when he had given her, in that mention of a London ball, one flashing glimpse of former experiences.

Impulsively she summed up the possibilities of what others of these might have been. She gave him a look, incredulous, delighted, as he handed her into the carriage. She had actually got a thrill out of easy-going, matter-of-fact, well-tubbed Harry!

Fatherless, motherless, alone upon the pinnacle of her fortune, Flora Gilsey had felt, in the dubious intimacy of her life with Clara Britton, a special sort of loneliness—a loneliness which lacked the security of solitude; and it was partly as an escape from that situation that she had accepted Harry Cressy. By herself she could never have escaped. The initiative was not hers. But he had presented himself, he had insisted, had overruled her objections, had captured her before she knew whether she wanted it or not—and held her now, fascinated by his very success in capturing her and by his beautiful ruddy masculinity.

She did not ask herself whether women ever married for greater reasons than these. She only wondered sometimes if he did not stand out more brilliantly against Clara and the others than he intrinsically was. But these moments when she was obliged to defend him to herself were always when he was not with her.

"Ladies' Night!" Harry Cressy mopped his flushed face, as they swept into the current setting toward the stairs. "It's awful!"

Flora laughed in the effervescence of her spirits. She wanted to know teasing-

ly, as they mounted, if this were why he had brought two more to add to the lot. He only looked at her, with his short note of laughter that made her keenly conscious of his right to be proud of her. She was proud of herself, inasmuch as herself was shown in the long trail of daring blue her gown made up the stair, and the powdery blue of the aigrette that shivered in her bright, soft curls and puffs—proud that her daring, as it appeared in these things, was still discriminating enough to make her right.

She did not know which she felt more like laughing at, herself or them, for having taken their little world so seriously. For when one thought of it, wasn't it absurd that people out of nowhere should suppose themselves exclusive? And people out of nowhere they were, herself and all the rest of them. From causes not far dissimilar they now stood here on alien territory. It was a question of squatter rights. The first on the ground were dictators, and how long they could hold their claim was a dubious cast of fate.

For there were forever fresh invasions and departures, swift risings from obscurity, sudden fallings back into oblivion, brilliant shootings through of strange meteors; and in the tremendous tide of fluctuation, whatever was established or traditional upon this coast of chance was a mere island in the wash of ocean.

And to-night it was not the picture exhibition, nor the function itself that elated her, but the fancy she had as she looked over the moving mass below her that the crowning excitement of the day, the vanishing mystery, hovered over them all. It was fantastic, but it persisted; for had not the Chatworth ring itself proved that the most ordinary appearances might cover unimagined wonders? Which of those bland, satisfied faces might not change shockingly at the whisper "Chatworth" in its ear? She wanted to confide the naughty

thought to Harry. But no, he wasn't the one. If Harry were apprehensive of anything at all it was only of being caught in too hot a crush.

The picture gallery was new, an addition; and the plain, narrow, unexpected door in this place, where all was high, arched, elaborate and flourished, was like a loophole through which to slip into a foreign atmosphere. There were plenty of people lingering in groups in the center of the gallery which was dusky, eclipsed by the great reflectors that circled the room, throwing out the pictures in a bright band of color around the walls. People leaning from this border of light back into the dusk to murmur together, vanished and reappeared with such unexpected, fascinating abruptness that Flora caught herself guessing what sort of face, where this nearest group stood just on the edge of shadow, would pop out of the dark next.

She was ready for something extraordinary, but now, when it came, she was taken aback by it. It gave her a start, that toss of black hair, that long, irregular pale face whose scintillant, sardonic smile was mercilessly upon the poor, inadequate picture-face fronting him. His stoop above the rail was so abrupt that his long, lean back was almost horizontal, yet even thus there was something elegant in the swing of him—in the careless twist of his head, around, to speak to the woman behind him. The question which naturally rose to Flora's lips—"Who in the world is that?"—she checked; why, she didn't ask herself. She only felt as she followed Clara, trailing out across the floor, that the interest of the evening which had promised so well, beginning as it had with the Chatworth ring, had been raised even a note higher. Her restive fancy was beginning again. All the footlights of her little, secret stage were up.

Perfunctorily talking from group to group, conscious now and again of the lagging Clara or Harry, Flora could

nevertheless keep a sly eye on the stranger's equal progress. The flash of jet, and the voluble, substantial shoulders of the lady who was so profusely introducing him, were an assurance of how that pilgrimage would terminate, since it was Ella Buller who was parading him. She even wondered before which of the florid pictures at the far, other end of the room, as before a shrine, the ceremony would take place.

She kept her eyes fixed on the paintings before her, and as she moved down from one to another, and the voices of the approaching group drew nearer, one separated itself from the general murmur, so clear, so resonantly carried, so clean-clipped off the tongue that it stood out in syllables on the blur of sound which was Ella Buller's conversation. It had color, that voice; it had a quality so sharp, so individual that it touched her with a mischievous wonder that he dared speak so differently from all the world about him. Then, six pictures away, she heard her own name.

"Why, Flora Gilsey!" It was Ella's husky, boyish note. "I've been looking for you all the evening! How d'y'do, Harry?" She waved her hand at him. "Why, how d'y'do, Mrs. Britton? I want you to meet my Englishman." She looked over her shoulder, and largely beckoned to where the blunt and florid Buller and his companion, with their backs to what they were supposed to be looking at, were exchanging an anecdote of infinite amusement.

In the flourish of introductions, across and across, Flora found herself thinking the reality less extraordinary than she had at first supposed. Now that Mr. Kerr was fairly before her, presented to her, and taking her in with the same lively, impersonal interest with which he took in the whole room, "as if," she put it vexedly to herself, "I were a specimen poked at him on the end of a pin," it stirred in her a vague resentment; and involuntarily she held him up to Harry.

The comparison showed him a little worn, a little battered, a little too perfunctory in manner; but his genial eyes, deep under threatening brows, made Harry's eyes seem to stare rather coldly; and the fine forms of his long, plain face, and the sensitive line of his long thin lips made Harry's beauty look, well—callous.

She had begun with him in the way she did with every one—instinctively throwing out a breastwork of conversation from behind which she could observe the enemy. But though he had blinked at it, he had not taken her up, nor helped her out; but had merely stood with his head a little canted forward, as if he watched her through her defenses.

"But San Francisco must seem so limited after London," she had wound up; and the way he had considered it, a little humorously, down his long nose, made her doubt the interest of cities to be reckoned in round numbers.

"It's all extraordinary," he said. "You're quite as extraordinary in your way as we are in ours."

"Oh," she wondered, still vexed with his inventory, "I had always supposed us awfully commonplace. What is our way, please?"

"Oh," he said, measuring his long step to hers as they sauntered a little, "for one thing, you're so awfully good to a fellow. In London"—and he nodded back, as if London were merely across the room—"they're awfully good to the somebodies. It's the way you take in the nobodies over here that is so astonishing—the stray leaves that blow in with the 'trade,' and can't show any credentials but a letter or two, and their faces; and those"—his *diablerie* danced out again—"sometimes such deucedly damaged ones."

It was almost indecent, this parade of his nonentity! She wanted to say, "Oh, hush! Those are the things one only enjoys—never talks about." But in-

stead, somewhere up at the top of her voice, she said: "Oh, we always lock up our silver!"

"But even then," he quizzed her, "I wonder how you dare to do it?"

"Perhaps we have to, because we ourselves are all"—"without any credentials but those you mention," she had been about to say, but there she caught herself on the very edge of giving herself and all the rest of them away to him;—"all so awfully bored," she mischievously ended with the daintiest, faintest possible yawn behind her spread fan.

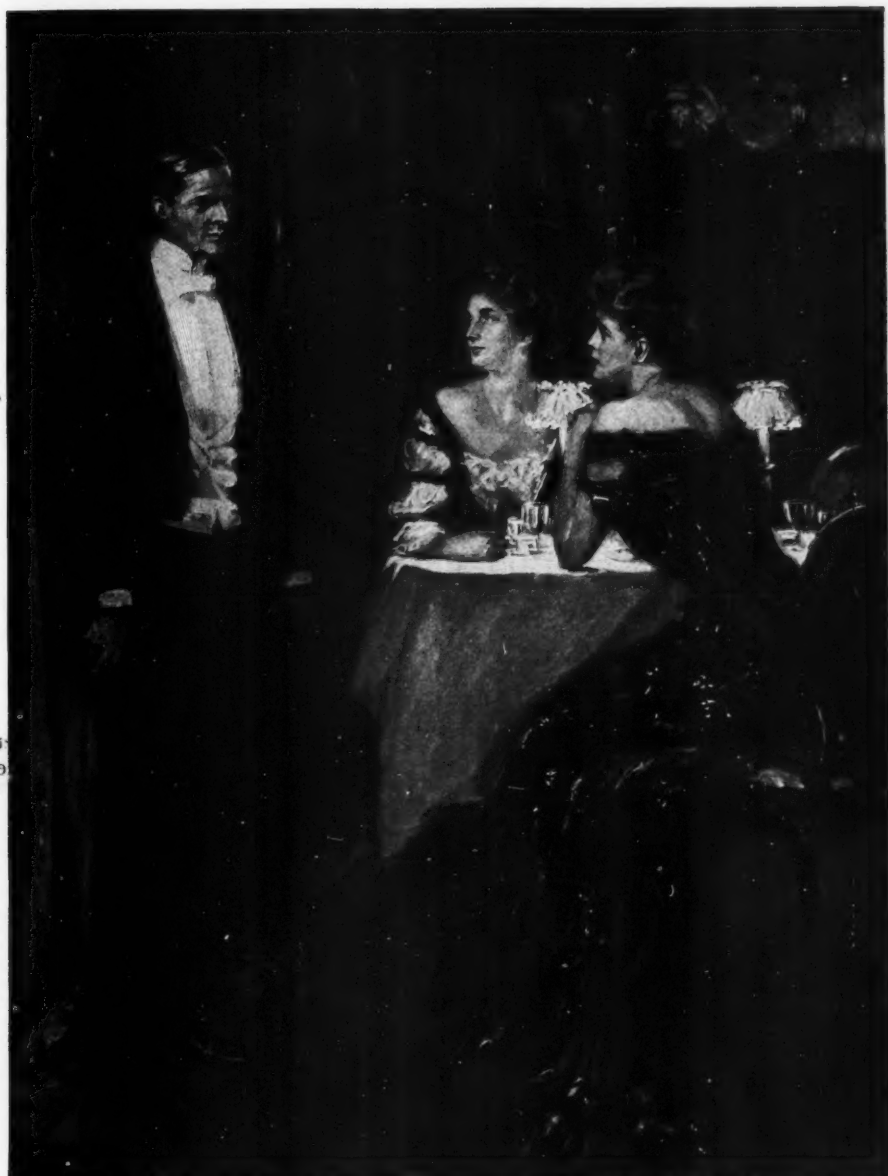
He looked as if she had taken him by surprise; then laughed out. "Oh, that is the way they don't do here," he provoked her. "You mustn't, when I'm not expecting it."

"Then what are you expecting?" she inquired a little coolly.

"Well," he deliberated, "not expecting you to get me ready for a sweet, and then pop in a pickle; and presently expecting, hoping, anxiously anticipating, what you really care to say."

He was expecting, she looked maliciously, more than he was likely to get; but the fact that he did see through her to that extent was at once delightful and alarming. She swayed back into the shadow beyond the dazzling line of light. She wanted to escape his scrutiny, to be able to look him over from a safe vantage-ground. But he wouldn't have it. An instant he stood under the torrent of white radiance, challenging her to see what she could—then followed her into her retreat. "Shall we sit here?" he said, and she found herself hopelessly cut off and isolated with the enemy.

She couldn't withhold a little grudging pleasure in the sharpness with which he had turned her maneuver, and the way it had detached them from the surrounding crowd. For one instant Harry turned and peered toward them with a look in his intentness that struck Flora as something new in him, and made her



Drawing by Clarence F. Underwood

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"WELL, FLORA," HE SAID, "I KNOW I'M LATE," AND TOOK THE HAND SHE HELD  
TO HIM FROM WHERE SHE SAT.—Page 35





wonder if he could be jealous. She turned tentatively to see if Kerr had noticed it, and surprised his glance in a quick transition back to hers.

"By your leave," he said, and took away her fan, which in his hand presently assumed such rhythmic motion that it ceased to be any more present to her than a delicate current of air upon her face. Her face, which in the first place he had so well looked over, he now looked into with something more personal in his quest, as if under the low brows and crowding lashes there was a puzzle to solve in the timid unassured glances of such splendid eyes.

He was not, she felt sure, in spite of his light manipulation of her fan, a person who cared to please women, but one of that devastating sort who care above everything to please themselves, and who are skilful without practice; too skilful, she feared, for her defenses to hold out against if he intended to find out what she really thought.

"Aren't we supposed to be looking at the pictures?" she wanted to know.

He turned his back on the wall and its attendant glare. "Why pictures?" he inquired, "when there are live people to look at? Pictures for places where they're all half dead. But here, where even the damnable dust in the streets is alive, why should they paint, or write, or sculpt, or anything but live?" His irascible brows shot the query at her.

Again the proposition of life—whatever that was—was held up before her, and as ever she faltered in the face of it. "I suppose they do it here," she murmured, with a vague glance at the paintings around her, "because people do it everywhere else."

His disparagement was almost a snarl. "That's the rotten part of it—because they do it everywhere else! As if there wasn't enough monotony in the world already without every chap trying to be like the next instead of being himself!"

"Ah!" Her small, uncertain smile in

the midst of her outward splendor was pathetic. "But it is different to you. You're a man. You're not one of us."

"One of what? I'm a man. I'm myself. Which, pardon me, dear lady, is just what you won't be—yourself."

"But if you have to be what people expect?" She clung to her first principle of safety in the midst of this onslaught.

"People don't want what they expect—if you care for that." He waved it away with his quick, white hand.

"But you have to care, unless you want to be queer." Her poor little secret was out before she knew, and he looked at it, laughing immoderately, yet somehow delightfully.

"Ah, if you think the social game is the game that counts! I had expected braver things of you. The game that counts, my girl," he preached it at her with his long white hand, "the game that is going on out here is the big, red game of life. That's the only one that's worth a guinea; and there's no winning or losing, there's no right or wrong to it, and it doesn't matter what a man is in it as long as he's a good one."

"Even if he is a thief?" The question was out of Flora's lips before she could catch it. It was a challenge. She had meant to confound him; but he caught it as if it delighted him.

"Well, what would you think?"

He threw it back at her.

What hadn't she thought! How persistently her fancy had played with the question of what sort of man that one might be who had so wonderfully put his hand under a glass case and drawn out the Chatworth ring. Why, outwardly, he must have been like all the crowd around him, to have escaped unnoticed; but, inwardly, how much superior in power and skill to have so completely overreached them!

"Oh," she laughed dubiously, "I suppose he is a good one as long as he isn't caught."

"What!" His face disowned her. "You think he's retrograde, do you? A chap in perpetual flight, taking things because he has to, more or less pursued by the law? Bah! It's a guild as old, and a deal more honorable, than the beggar's. Your good thief is born to it. It's his caste. It's in his blood. It isn't money that he wants. If he had a million he'd be the same. And it isn't a mania either. It's a profession." He leaned back and smiled at her over the elegance of his long, joined finger-tips.

She looked at him with a delighted alarm, with an increasing elation.

"But suppose he was your own thief," she urged; "took your own things, I mean," she hastily amended, "and suppose he turned out to be—some one you knew and liked—" She hesitated. She had come at last to what she really wanted to say, but Kerr was looking across her shoulder straight down the dim vista of the room to the little blaze of bordering light. He was looking at Harry. No, Harry was looking at him. Harry was looking with a steady, an intent gaze, and Kerr meeting it—it might have been merely the blank glare of his monocle—seemed, to Flora, to meet it a little insolently. She fancied in the instant something to pass between the two men, something which, this time, she did not mistake for jealousy—a shade too dim for defiance or suspicion, a deep scrutiny that struggled to place something, some one.

"Shall we join the others?" It was the voice with which she had begun with him, but her eyes were hot through their light mist of lashes, and he threw her a comprehending glance of amusement.

"Oh, no," he assured her, "we can't help ourselves. They are going to join us."

Ella Buller, in the van of her procession, was already descending upon them. Her approach dissipated the last remnant of their personal moment. Her presence always insisted that there was

nothing worth while but instant participation in her geniality, and whatever subject it might be taken up with at the moment. This conviction of Ella's had been wont to overawe Flora, and it still overwhelmed her; so that now, as she followed in the tail of Ella's marshaled force, she had a guilty feeling that there should be nothing else in her mind but a normal desire for supper.

Yet she was haunted with the thought that Harry had seen the extraordinary Kerr before; not shaken hands with him, perhaps—perhaps not even heard his name; but somewhere, across some distance, once glimpsed him, and had never quite shaken the memory from his mind. For something marked, notable, unforgettable was in that lean distinctiveness.

The supper-room, hot, polished, flaring reflections of electric lights from its glistening floor, announced itself the heart of high festivity, through the midst of which their entrance made an added ripple. The flushed faces of the women under their pale-tinted hats, with their smiling recognitions to Clara, to Flora, to Ella, smiled with a sharpened interest. It proclaimed that Kerr was a stranger, and, in a circle which found itself a little stale for lack of innovations, a desirable one.

Apparently the dominant note of their party was Ella's clamorous selections for the supper; but to Flora the more real thing was the atmosphere of excitement and mystery she had been moving in all the evening. Harry was being appealed to by all the women who could get at him as to his part in the affair—what had been his sensations and emotions? But Flora knew perfectly well he had had none. He was only oppressed by the attention his fame in the matter and the central position of their table brought upon him. Protesting, he made his part as small as possible.

"Oh, confound it, if I can't get at my oysters!" he complained, leaning back into his group again with a sigh.

"You divide the honors with the mysterious unknown, eh?" Kerr inquired across the table.

"Hang it, there's no division! I'd offer you a share!" Harry laughed, and it occurred to Flora how much Kerr could have made of it.

"Purdie'd like to share something," Buller vouchsafed. "He's been pawing the air ever since Crew cabled, and this has blown him up completely."

"Crew?" Flora wondered. Here was something more happening. Crew? She had not heard that name before. It made a stir among them all; but if Kerr looked sharp, Clara looked sharper. She looked at Harry and Harry was vexed.

"Who's Crew?" said Ella; and the judge looked around on the silence.

"Why, bless my soul, isn't it— Oh, anyway, it will all be out to-morrow. But I thought Harry'd told you. The Chatworth ring wasn't Bessie's."

The announcement had the effect of startling them all apart, and then drawing them closer together again, around the table. "Why," Judge Buller went on, "this ring is a celebrated thing. It's the 'Crew Idol!'" He threw the name out as if that in itself explained everything, but the three women, at least, looked blank.

"Why celebrated?" Clara objected. "The stones were only sapphires."

Kerr smiled at this measure of fame.

"Quite so," he nodded to her, "but there are several sorts of value about that ring. Its age, for one."

He had the attention of the table, as if they sensed behind his words more even than Judge Buller could have told them.

"And then the superstition about it. It's rather a pretty tale," said Kerr, looking at Flora. "You've seen the ring—a figure of Vishnu bent backward into a circle, with a head of sapphire; two yellow stones for the cheeks and the brain of him of the one blue. Just as a piece of carving it is so fine that Cellini

couldn't have equaled it, but no one knows when or where it was made. The first that is known, the Shah Jehan had it in his treasure-house. The story is he stole it, but, however that was, he gave it as a betrothal gift to his wife—possibly the most beautiful"—his eyebrows signaled to Flora his uncertainty of that fact—"without doubt the best-loved woman in the world. When she died it was buried with her—not in the tomb itself, but in the Taj Mehal; and for a century or so it lay there and gathered legends about it as thick as dust. It was believed to be a talisman of good fortune—especially in love.

"It had age; it had intrinsic value; it had beauty, and that one other quality no man can resist—it was the only thing of its kind in the world. At all events, it was too much for old Neville Crew, when he saw it there some couple of hundred years ago. When he left India the ring went with him. He never would tell how he got it, but lucky marriages came with it, and the Crews would not take the House of Lords for it. Their women have worn it ever since."

For a moment the wonder of the tale and the curious spark of excitement it had produced in the teller kept the listeners silent. Clara was the first to return to facts. "Then Bessie—" she prompted eagerly.

Kerr turned his glass in meditative fingers. "She wore it as young Chatworth's wife." He held them all in an increasing tension, as if he drew them toward him.

"The elder Chatworth, Lord Crew, is a bachelor, but, of course, the ring reverted to him on Chatworth's death."

"And Lord only knows," the judge broke in, "how it got shipped with Bessie's property. Crew was out of England at the time. He kept the wires hot about it, and they managed to keep the fact of what the ring was quiet—but it got out to-day when Purdie found it was

gone. You see he was still showing it—and without special permission.”

Flora had a bewildered feeling that this judicial summing up of facts wasn't the sort of thing the evening had led up to, but Clara promptly took it up.

“Then there will be pressure—enormous pressure, brought to bear to recover it?”

“Oh-o-oh!” Buller drew out the syllable with unctuous relish. “They'll rip the town inside out. They'll do worse. There'll be a string of detectives across the country—yes, and at intervals to China—so tight you couldn't step from Kalamazoo to Oshkosh without running into one. The thing is too big to be covered. The chap who took it will play a lone game; and to do that—Lord knows there aren't many who could—to do that he'd have to be a—a—”

“Farrel Wand?” Flora flung it out as a challenge among these prosaic people; but the effect of it was even sharper than she had expected. She fancied she saw them all start; that Harry squared himself, that Kerr met it as if he swallowed it with almost a facial grimace; that Judge Buller blinked it hard in the face—the most bothered of the lot. He came at it first in words.

“Farrel Wand?” He felt it over, as if, like a doubtful coin, it might have rung false. “Now, what did I know of Farrel Wand?”

“Farrel Wand?” Kerr took it up rapidly. “Why, he was the great Johnnie who went through the Scotland Yard men at Perth in '94, and got off. Don't you remember? He took a great assortment of things under the most peculiar circumstances—took the Tilton emeralds off Lady Tilton's neck at St. James'.”

“Why, Harry, you—” Flora began. “You told us that,” was what she had meant to say, but Harry stopped her. Stopped her just with a look, with a nod; but it was as if he had shaken his head at her. Her eyes went back to Kerr

with a sense of bewilderment. His voice was still going on expansively, brilliantly juggling his subject.

“He knew them all, the big-wigs up in Parliament, the big-wigs on 'Change, the little duchesses in Mayfair, and they all liked him, asked him, dined him, and—great Scott, they paid! Paid in hereditary jewels, or the shock to their decency when the thing came out—but, poor devil, so did he!” and through it all Buller gloomed unsmiling, with out-thrust underlip.

“No, no!” he said slowly, “that's not my connection with Farrel Wand. What happened afterward? What did they do with him?” Kerr was silent, and Flora thought his face seemed suddenly at its sharpest. It was Clara who answered with another question. “Didn't he give them the slip to the colonies? Didn't he die there?”

Judge Buller caught it with a snap of his fingers. “I've got it!” he triumphed, and the two men turned square upon him. “He was alive up to ninety-six, for that year they went after him—went out to Australia—and I got a snapshot of him at the time.”

It was now the whole table which turned on him, and more than all Kerr looked expectant, poised, and ready for whatever was coming next. “What sort of a chap?” he mused, and fixed the judge with the same stare that Flora remembered to have first confronted her.

“What sort? Sort of a criminal,” the judge smiled. “They all look alike.”

“Still,” Clara suggested, “such a man could hardly have been ordinary—”

“In the chain-gang—oh, yes,” said Buller with conviction.

“Oh! Then the picture wasn't worth anything?”

“Why, no,” Buller admitted slowly, “though, come to think of it, it wasn't the chain-gang either. They were taking him aboard the ship. The crowd was so thick I hardly saw him, and—only got one shot at him.”



"But then," Clara insisted, "if they took him, what became of him?"

"Oh, he got away from them," the judge smiled. "He always did. But the name was a queer one. It stuck in my mind. Hal, is that another bottle?"

Harry stretched his hand for it, but it stayed suspended—and, for an instant, it seemed as if the whole table waited expectant. Had Buller's camera caught the clear face of Farrel Wand, or only a dim figure? Flora wondered if that was the question Harry wanted to ask. He wanted—and yet he hesitated, as if he did not quite dare touch it. Every turn

seemed to produce upon some one of the eager three some fresh startling effect the others could not understand. They were restless; Clara notably, even under her calm.

Flora knew she was not giving up the quest of Farrel Wand, but only setting it aside with her unfailing thrift, which saved everything. But why, in this case? And Harry, who had been so merry with the mystery at dinner—why had he suddenly tried to suppress her, tried to ignore the whole business; why had he hesitated over his question, and finally let it fall?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## MY LUCK

By KATHARINE RUTH ELLIS

Blithe and gay and loyal,  
Bosom friend of Puck,  
Kinsman close of Ariel,  
Is Luck, my merry Luck.

A fig for all your swastikas  
And quartered clover-leaves!  
Luck sees you gather horse-shoes up  
And laughs in both his sleeves.

He chose me ages long ago  
For his, and he is mine.  
Small need have I or care has he  
For any potent sign.

The thirteenth guest at any board  
I'm not afraid to be.  
For Luck sits closely at my side,  
The fourteenth guest is he.

Blithe and gay and loyal,  
Bosom friend of Puck,  
Kinsman close of Ariel,  
Is Luck, my merry Luck.

# The Sorrows of the Joneses-or,

The Touching  
Sympathy of  
Woman  
for Man in  
Distress  
Exemplified



By-ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



"Now, what are you weepin' of, Biddecombe Jones?"

Says his wife (she was three times his size).

"You sits there and sniffles and sobs out and moans,  
And the tears trickles out of your eyes."

"I'm a-weepin'," says Jones, with a tre-men-jus sob,

"For to think of the woe of our son

If we'd ever had one christened Thingummybob."

—Says his wife, "Shucks! We never had none!"

"I'm a-weepin'," cries Jones, with a murmur of pain,

"For to think if we'd had two fine boys

'Twould have been downright crool to call one of 'em Jane."

—Says his wife, "Law sakes! Hush up your noise!"

"I'm a-weepin'," moans Jones, "for to think Thingumbob

Might have set out some day for to build

A air-ship, and wasted his life on the job."

—Says his wife, "Thank your stars he wa'n't killed!"



"I'm a-weepin'," says Jones, "for to think how our Jane

Might have wasted the best of his years

Constructin' a submarine-boat on the Seine."

—Says his wife, "You're a-wastin' your tears!"



"I'm a-weepin'," sobs Jones, "for to think of them two

A-workin' from sun-down till morn,

All worn-out, and frazzled, to rush the job through."

—Says his wife, "Tut! And them never born!"



"I'm a-weepin'," he blubbers, "because it's so sweet  
For to think of their innocent joys  
If them sons got them boats all fixed up and complete."  
—Says his wife, solemn-like, "My poor boys!"

"I'm a-weepin'," cries Jones, "for the thought come to me  
Of the sorrer of poor Thingumbob  
If his air-ship dived down in the submarine sea."  
—"Bub-boo hoo!" wept his wife with a sob.

"You weeps," sobs B. Jones. "You admits them thoughts drive  
Even you to the depths of despair,  
But suppose when Jane's submarine boat tried to dive  
It went flying right up in the air!"

"Our sorrers," moans Jones, "is too great!" They was such  
That the tears fell in quarts from his eyes,  
And his wife hugged him close and wept three times as much,  
Because she was three times his size.



# THE TARIFF—HELP OR HINDRANCE?

THE TENTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "Revision Necessary—by Commission," and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "Tariff for Revenue, not for Protection"

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### MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

SENATOR Beveridge's article entitled "Revision Necessary—By Commission," is a frank confession that the import duties which we now collect are indefensible; but while he admits that revision is necessary, he is as unreliable as other champions of protection in the arguments presented and as much at sea as they in proposing a remedy. In the first place, he assumes that the principle of protection has been established throughout the world. He quotes Mr. Balfour, of England, as saying that Great Britain is "on the eve of abandoning that 'antiquated and moth-eaten system,'" referring to a tariff for revenue only. He ought to have explained that Mr. Balfour is an *ex*-premier, and that the prefix *ex* was attached with unusual emphasis because he went before the country on the protection issue. The defeat which the high tariff idea received in Great Britain was especially significant. The movement for protection was headed by Mr. Chamberlain just at the close of the Boer war, when he was enjoying a vast amount of popularity because he had conducted the war for the overthrow of two republics in South Africa. He made a canvass of Great Britain and rallied to his support a large number of manufacturers, who, like the manufacturers of this country, furnished him with the necessary campaign funds. As

a result of the contest the liberal party won the greatest victory that has been credited to it in recent years, and the protective idea received a staggering blow. Of course, Senator Beveridge can prophesy a reversal of public sentiment and a future victory for his pet theory, but prophecies are not history, and predictions are not arguments. The fact that Germany is wedded to a high tariff is not conclusive proof that it is wise. If the tariff system is good, it must stand upon its own merits, not upon the fact that in some other nation those in power manifest a willingness to tax the whole country for the benefit of a part of the country. Our manufacturers, however, are more afraid of the competition of England than they are of the competition of Germany, and yet Germany has the protective system, while England refuses to adopt it, and England, with a low tariff, pays higher wages than Germany with a high tariff. We pay higher wages than either Germany or England, and yet we can send into foreign countries the goods made by high-priced labor and, without any protection, compete successfully. No system of logic has been devised which can prove that we need a high tariff to hold our own markets when we can conquer other markets in open competition with the world.

Senator Beveridge now wants a tariff which will, first, "raise as much revenue as possible; second, encourage our home industries; and third, open foreign markets to our surplus products," and the last he declares to be the "problem for the American producers to solve." The first and second propositions are difficult to reconcile. In proportion as a tariff really increases a home industry, it fails as a revenue measure. If, for instance, we consume ten million dollars' worth of a certain product, of which there is no domestic manufacture, and we put on a fifty per cent. duty in order to encourage the home product, we will the first year collect five million dollars revenue on the article, and by so doing enable domestic manufacturers to produce a similar article at a price fifty per cent. above what they could charge without the tariff. If at the end of five years we produce half of the product at home and buy half abroad, the revenue will be reduced to two millions and a half, while the people will pay the same amount they did before, namely: the foreign price plus the tariff. If at the end of ten years we produce the entire amount at home and export none of this article, the revenue from this source will be entirely extinguished, while the people will go on paying the foreign price plus the tariff, unless competition at home reduces the price. If, however, competition at home reduces the price, it shows that the tariff is not needed, and that to the extent that it is not used, it could be reduced without increasing either the import of the article or the revenues of the treasury.

#### AN APPEAL TO THE GET-EVEN SPIRIT

Senator Beveridge's plan for extending our markets is the retaliatory plan proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, the English statesman. I had an opportunity to hear this plan presented by Mr. Chamberlain, at Cardiff, Wales, about four

years ago, and no one has ever appealed more eloquently than he to the get-even spirit, although, fortunately for Great Britain, the appeal was unsuccessful.

#### A RECOIL THAT SPOILS THE AIM

While there may be an occasional opportunity to increase trade by reciprocity treaties, such extensions are insignificant compared with the extensions which would follow a general reduction of the tariff. In the first place, retaliatory duties are levied upon the theory that the foreigner pays the tariff, whereas the tariff is paid by the consumer. While it is to the advantage of the producer to enlarge his market, it is foolish to suppose that tariff reductions are intended for the foreigner, and to say that we will maintain the tariff, or raise it, on an article imported from Germany, for instance, unless Germany reduces the tariff upon some article which we export, is really equivalent to saying to Germany: "If you do not stop taxing your people when they buy goods of us, we will retaliate by taxing our people when they buy goods of you." If export duties were paid by the foreigner, then the making of a tax law would be a very different matter. Each government could make the citizens of other countries pay its running expenses, and it might even carry its exactions to the point of collecting from abroad and distributing the surplus through bounties to its own people. But the fact is that the importer pays the tax and then collects it from the consumer, with interest and commissions added. Republican spellbinders may be able to conceal the operation of the tariff from trusting Republican voters who stay at home, but the Republicans who visit other countries are, upon their return to America, confronted with the unpleasant fact that the import duty is collected from the returning American and not from the foreigner.



One objection to the reciprocal or retaliatory tariffs is that we can not offer concessions to other nations in return for concessions demanded without arguing from a false basis. Instead of assuming that the tariff is a tax upon the foreigner, to be reduced only out of consideration for the foreigner, it is far better to teach by argument and by example that tariff duties are paid by the people of the country by which the duties are levied, and then rely upon the intelligence of other nations to make reductions which will increase international commerce.

#### NEED ANY ONE BE SACRIFICED?

Another difficulty about a reciprocal or retaliatory tariff is that when such a treaty is being made there is liable to be a conflict between industries, all of them anxious for advantage, but none of them willing to consent to a reduction on their own products. If a valuable concession is gained something equally valuable must be given if it is a fair trade. According to the argument of those who support a protective tariff, a concession, in order to be valuable to others must be hurtful to us, and, therefore, according to this logic, we must sacrifice some industries in order to help others. What industries are willing to be sacrificed? If, for instance, we have a tariff on an article and this tariff is really needed, it can not be taken off without injury to the industry which needs it. If we have a tariff which is not needed, it ought to be reduced even from a protectionist's standpoint, and we can hardly fool foreign nations by proposing a reduction which we ought to make anyhow.

#### HURTFUL COMPLICATION OF EXPENSES

The third objection to the reciprocal or retaliatory tariff is that it is of comparatively little value in the extension of commerce. The friends of protection

have been talking reciprocity for a great many years, but the amount accomplished is scarcely worth mentioning, whereas an independent reduction of the tariff would be greatly beneficial. In the first place, our manufacturers are all more or less embarrassed by tariffs levied for the protection of other industries. Take, for instance, the matter of machinery. The tariff on machinery requires a larger investment in the plant; then in the manufacture of goods for export a great deal of material is used upon which it is impossible to collect a rebate—the rebate being given only when an imported article is used in the manufacture of things exported. There is no way of securing a rebate where the manufacturer uses a home-made article whose price is enhanced by the tariff, and the employes must either bear the burden or demand an increased wage to compensate for the increased cost of living produced by the tariff. If increased wages are given to compensate for the tariff, these increased wages make it more difficult for us to compete with foreigners. It can not be said that protection confers any net benefit upon an employé in a protected industry unless protection increases his wages *more than it increases his cost of living*. If protection increases his wages less than it does his living expenses, the protective tariff is an injury to him, and may be an injury also to his employer. Tariff reformers believe that statistics show that the present high tariff is actually injurious to the laborer in the protected industries and to many manufacturers who derive from the tariff less than it costs them, and there is no question about the present tariff duties being oppressive to the great majority of the people who are engaged in the protection of things which can not be protected.

Reciprocity treaties, therefore, while possible in a few cases, are not a substitute for tariff revision, and our experience is that the manufacturers who urge

high rates on the theory that they can be used to compel reciprocity treaties stubbornly insist upon retaining the duties, however high, thus postponing, if not destroying, hope of relief from this source.

#### WHY ADMIT WOOD PULP ALONE FREE?

Senator Beveridge is especially anxious to make a reciprocity treaty with Canada for the admission of free wood pulp. He asks why not say to Canada, "We will let in Canada wood pulp free if you will let in American implements and other articles free." Why, he asks, should we put wood pulp on the free list for nothing? He answers his own question by saying: "This would reduce the price of every newspaper in our country, save our forests from extermination, and at the same time open the Canadian market to the admission of many American products." Suppose we can reduce the price of every newspaper in our own country and save our forests from extermination, would that not be sufficient reason why we should put wood pulp on the free list, without waiting for Canada to act? If we recognize the wisdom of protecting our own people by the reduction of the duty on wood pulp, we may be able to convince the Canadians of the wisdom of admitting American implements and other articles free. We have tried the plan of retaliation for many years, and we are still paying a tariff on wood pulp. Why not make an experiment and try legislating for the consumers of the whole country rather than for the manufacturers of protected articles?

#### REVISION BY COMMISSION A BLUFF?

Senator Beveridge's remedy is a tariff commission. He says, "We must have a revision of our present tariff; but it must not be a political revision; it must be a scientific revision. It must not be a

politician's tariff—it must be a business man's tariff." This is merely the usual motion which the defendant makes for a continuance when he knows that he has no evidence with which to oppose the plaintiff's claim. Senator Beveridge has been a national legislator for some years, but he has never attempted to take the tariff out of politics. When he makes speeches upon the stump, he recognizes that the tariff is a political issue, and he warns the country against allowing the Democratic party to have anything to do with tariff revision. Only when gross abuses have aroused resentment, and there is a popular demand for tariff revision, does he come forward with the demand that the subject be taken out of politics. It is kept in politics as long as it promises to keep the Republican party in power, and becomes non-partizan only when the party is in danger. The Republican party had an opportunity to frame a tariff bill in 1890. Did it do it by a commission? On the contrary, the bill was framed in a Republican congress, and the party which framed it demanded a public indorsement as a reward. When the Republican party came into power again in the spring of 1897 it had another chance to reduce the tariff by a commission made up of business men, but, instead of taking the question out of politics, it proceeded to make a political use of the power gained, and it has boasted that the tariff is a panacea for all industrial ills. The more unscrupulous of the leaders of that party have not hesitated to claim credit for whatever prosperity the country has derived from a larger volume of money and better crops; and they have assured the country that panics never come while Republicans are in power and while tariffs are adjusted according to the protective principle. Just now these boasts are more hollow than usual because at the time of the writing of this article we are in the midst of a financial panic which is, in some respects, more acute

than the panic of 1893. While in 1893 some banks failed, most of them continued to pay depositors on demand. Now, a large percentage of the western banks refuse to allow deposits to be withdrawn except in limited amounts, the banks deciding as to the wisdom of withdrawal.

#### NO NECESSITY FOR A COMMISSION

Tariff reform by commission is impracticable. While a tariff commission could collect testimony, sufficient testimony can be collected by the regular committees of congress to answer all necessary purposes. In fact, it is not necessary to spend a great deal of time taking testimony, for it is a notorious fact that the present rate of tariff duties is indefensible. The main object of the taking of testimony in tariff controversies is not to inform the public, but to prolong the discussion and prevent action. Every day means dollars to the beneficiaries of the tariff—so many dollars that they can afford to fight for time, even when sure of ultimate defeat. It is not necessary to have a commission of experts working for several years, for any one acquainted with the subject can forecast the result. If such a commission is made up entirely of protectionists the final report will be unanimous and will be opposed to any material reduction except where the manufacturers themselves have found the tariff a hindrance instead of a help. If the commission is made up of both reformers and protectionists, there will be two reports, and whether the commission submits one report or two, the members of congress will deal with the subject just as if there had been no commission. Those who are opposed to the taxation of the many for the benefit of the few, under the guise of protection, will be just as much in favor of tariff reform after the experts report as before, and tariff beneficiaries just as clamorous for a high tariff if the commission reports in favor of its reform.

The commission plan, however honestly presented by Senator Beveridge, is a delusion and a snare. If a commission is appointed and the next presidential election results in a victory for those who believe in high tariff, the report will not be likely to receive serious consideration; if the commission is appointed and the presidential election results in the election of a majority in favor of tariff reform, tariff reform will come regardless of the report of the commission. No Republican president or Republican senate or Republican house can tie the hands of a Democratic successor, just as no Democratic president, senate or house can tie the hands of a Republican successor. We may as well, therefore, discard the commission suggestion and proceed to revise the tariff through the officials authorized to make the revision. That power can not be delegated, or, if it could be, it would not be.

One question remains: when should the tariff be reformed? Senator Beveridge says "after the election." There have been several elections; why have we not had tariff revision? We needed tariff reform three years ago, but when the president came in with a large popular majority to his credit, the friends of protection said that the people had ratified the course of the party and that it would be flying in the face of the verdict to modify the tariff. Now we are told that it would be unwise to disturb business just before the election. Some people regard the election as a disturbance, and, therefore, protest against any prolonging of the disturbance by an after-the-election change in the tariff system.

#### PURCHASABLE LEGISLATION

The very fact that a tariff is opposed on the ground that it disturbs business is a weighty argument against the protective system. When industries rest, not upon their merits, but upon legislative favors, they are always in politics. They

may advise others to regard the question as non-political, but they never do. They are for the party that favors them, and they are willing to purchase legislation by contributions to the campaign fund. When the election is over they are in a position to enforce their demands by threatening a withdrawal of contributions.

To conclude: Senator Beveridge is in error—inexcusably in error—in assuming that either in the United States or throughout the world the protective principle is firmly established; he is in error—grossly in error—when he argues that our trade can be extended as much by reciprocity treaties as by a

general reduction of the tariff; and he is in error—absurdly in error—when he declares that the tariff question can be taken out of politics and settled by a few experts. It is evident that the men who have been using the protective system to gather unto themselves an undue share of the annual production of wealth are badly frightened, for nothing but fear would compel them to advocate the appointment of a commission. When they feel sure of victory, even a tariff commission is scouted; and when the people at large get ready to revise the tariff—and they seem about ready—they will not allow a tariff commission to stand between them and relief.

## SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

"A TARIFF for revenue only," says Mr. Bryan; and a twenty-five per cent. tariff at that. This is a proposition that will be repudiated by every business man, manufacturer, laborer or farmer who will inform himself. The horizontal twenty-five per cent. tariff that Mr. Bryan proposes would put far too much duty on some things and far too little on others. Not a single schedule would be adjusted either to the needs of the business which produces that article or even to its capacity for producing revenue. In what position would the American producer be with the tariffs of foreign nations delicately adjusted to their needs and to the world's trade and our tariff adjusted to neither?

### THE TARIFF ISSUE AS STATED

This conclusion of Mr. Bryan, who will be the next nominee for President, forms the tariff issue, and we will hold him and the Opposition to it. That issue is this: Mr. Bryan and the Opposition which he leads favor tariff revision, and proposes to put a horizontal twenty-five

per cent. duty on everything. We Republicans favor a tariff revision, but we propose, first, to get full and absolutely accurate information on which to base our revision; second, then make a revision according to the needs of business and the state of the world's trade; third, to adopt the maximum and minimum tariff with which we can open foreign markets to American products much wider than they now are.

Since a tariff for revenue only is the position taken by the Opposition, let us again examine its soundness.

If the Opposition still favors a tariff for revenue only, they must put the heaviest possible duties on the best revenue-producing imports. These are tea, coffee, chocolate, tropical fruits, and all other similar articles which all of our people must have and can not produce themselves. This I pointed out in my first paper in this debate.

But they can not stop with that. If revenue is the only consideration, they must amend the constitution and raise our revenue from our exports, instead of our imports; because our exports are



greater than our imports, and would produce more revenue.

Especially is this true if, as Mr. Bryan says, the consumer pays all of the tariff duty. For we are the greatest producers of foodstuffs in all the world. All foreign countries, and especially Europe, and more particularly England, absolutely must have our wheat, corn, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc. We produce more cotton than all the rest of the world put together.

#### WHY NOT AMEND THE CONSTITUTION?

If, then, the consumer pays all of the tariff duties, as Mr. Bryan contends, why not amend the constitution, transfer our tariff duties from our imports to our exports and thus make the foreign consumer of our foodstuffs and other products pay all of those tariff duties? In this way the foreigner would pay absolutely all the revenue we need.

It could not possibly hurt our farmers, because the remainder of the world must have our food products and our cotton; and putting an export duty upon these commodities would therefore not diminish their markets abroad. It would not hurt our American producers, because, according to Mr. Bryan, the foreign consumer of these products would have to pay all of these export duties.

Of course, this would require an amendment to the constitution; for the constitution provides that we shall levy no duties on goods exported from any state. But this should not be a serious objection, for Mr. Bryan is proposing several amendments to the constitution, and all of his proposed amendments put together would not be so good for the people as this single amendment permitting us to tax exports, if, as he says, the consumer alone pays the tax.

Will Mr. Bryan propose such an amendment? He should do so if the theory that the consumer alone pays the tax is correct; for it would at once en-

able us to raise every dollar our government needs without taking one cent of it out of the pockets of our own people. According to the theory that the consumer alone pays the tax, every cent of it would come out of the pockets of foreigners. And a plan which would enable us to run our government at the expense of foreign nations, thus relieving our own people from every kind of taxation except municipal and state, would be a blessing so great that an amendment to the constitution permitting us to put this plan in operation would sweep the country. There could be no argument whatever against it; for it is well known that this provision was put into the constitution because in their then inexperience some of the states thought that congress might discriminate against them.

#### "A HERESY OF THE GREATEST CHARACTER"

Does not this illustration show how loosely the tariff-for-revenue-only advocate has thought out the tariff question? For, of course, there is absolutely no logical answer to the proposition that we should tax exports instead of imports if the consumer alone pays the tax. But does the consumer alone pay the tax? Many up-to-date economists now deny this. For example, Mr. Balfour, former prime minister of England, in his great speech in parliament in 1902, said:

"I do not believe any economist will dogmatically say how the tax is ultimately paid. It is wholly absurd to suppose that in all cases it is paid by the consumer. In this case only a fraction will be paid by the consumer, the producer, the middleman, the other parties to the transaction. The idea that it must fall on the consumer is an economic heresy of the grossest character."

As a matter of fact, most students now concede that a tariff on goods imported into a country is not all *paid* by the con-



sumers in that country, except upon articles which the people must have and can not produce themselves, such as coffee, tea, chocolate and the like—(and I reiterate that considering only the question of raising the most *revenue* Mr. Bryan must put a tariff on these articles if he is true to his tariff-for-revenue-only theory). On all other articles the tariff is distributed upon the shoulders of "all parties to the transaction," to use Mr. Balfour's words.

#### IMPORT DUTY AFFECTS ALL EQUALLY

The foreign producer of goods imported into this country makes a little smaller profit on account of the tariff; his workmen are paid a little lower wages on account of the tariff. The importer does not make quite so large a commission on account of the tariff; and the consumer pays a little higher price, provided he insists on buying the foreign article imported into this country. In other words, a tariff upon imports affects almost equally "all parties to the transaction," from the foreign producer of raw material and the foreign laborer who works it up into the finished product, clear up to the American purchaser who consumes it.

But even if this were not true, still experience shows that in the end the consumer pays no more for most articles produced under a protective tariff than he would pay under a tariff for revenue only.

The reasons for this are so familiar that even recapitulation of them will be obnoxious to all readers—because all readers have for a long time known them. The development of home industries until they compete with one another; the invention of labor-saving machinery stimulated by this development of those industries which enables the manufacturer to produce at lowest cost; the higher standard of living of our own workman—made possible by the

higher wages paid him—resulting in a greater efficiency of brain and nerve—these and many other like causes result in a gradual decline of prices. This is proved by the fact that the prices of all manufactured articles, if considered for a period of twenty years (and a lesser period is no safe basis for gauging prices), are found to be lower at the end of that twenty years than they were at the beginning.

#### THE WAGE-EARNER AND THE TARIFF

And, besides, prices are not the only consideration in the economy of living. Wages, the number of working hours, and, in general, the purchasing power of toil are equal considerations. And no one can deny that under a protective tariff wages are much higher and are constantly increasing. (I will not burden the paper with tables of figures, accessible to every one, which prove this.) But above all, *employment for labor and markets for products* must be taken into account—indeed, these are the basis of wages, prices, and all prosperity. And it is a literal fact, within the personal experience of every grown man, that labor found less employment, and both the farmer and manufacturer found a smaller and poorer market, under revenue tariff than under protective tariffs.

It is mere banality to go over these well-known facts. Of course, we might make the old arguments on both sides, if the present issue were between straight-out protective tariff, on the one hand, and a straight-out revenue tariff on the other hand. But the truth is that neither of these theories meets existing situations. If Mr. Bryan insists that the world has made no progress, and that we are still on the old controversy between protection and free trade, then I would advocate with all my heart straight-out protection as against a straight-out revenue tariff. For, between the arguments in favor of a revenue tariff and those in fa-

vor of a protective tariff, statistics, experience and present conditions overwhelmingly favor the latter.

#### THE CITATION FROM JUSTICE MILLER

Indeed, Mr. Bryan almost takes the old grounds, and especially when he says that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. He quotes a dictum from Mr. Justice Miller's decision in *Loan Association v. Topeka*, 20 Wallace 655. But this case had absolutely nothing to do with the tariff. In that case the city of Topeka issued bonds payable to a bridge and iron works company to help it establish shops in Topeka. And the court very rightly held that under the constitution of the state, or even under fundamental rights of the citizen, a municipality could not issue bonds in the aid of something which was not of public concern. The court pointed out that it was even different from the aid that is directly voted to railroads, highways and the like. And neither the constitutionality or rightfulness of a tariff was any way in the court's mind.

But both the constitutionality and the rightfulness of the tariff has been discussed by Mr. Justice Story, the greatest commentator on our fundamental law who has yet appeared, and, next to Chief Justice Marshall, the greatest justice who ever sat upon the supreme bench of the United States. Indeed, the most brilliant chapter of Story on the Constitution is devoted to this very subject. With great learning, unanswerable reasoning and voluminous citation of authorities, Story holds that a tariff for protecting and encouraging our manufactures is, first, constitutional as to power; second, right as to principle, and third, wise as to policy. I give a few random quotations. Says Story:

"It is well known that, in commercial and manufacturing nations the power to regulate commerce has embraced practically the encouragement of manufac-

tures. Not a single exception can be named. \* \* \* When the constitution was framed no one ever imagined that the power of protection of manufactures was to be taken away from all the states, and yet not delegated to the Union. The very suggestion would of itself have been fatal to the adoption of the constitution. \* \* \* It is manifest, from contemporaneous documents, that one object of the constitution was to encourage manufactures and agriculture by this very use of the power." (It must be remembered that the power of congress to establish protective tariffs comes from the commerce clause, and not from the revenue clause of the constitution.)

#### THE PRACTICE OF OTHER NATIONS

"The terms, then, of the constitution are sufficiently large to embrace the power; the practice of other nations, and especially of Great Britain and of the American states, has been to use it in this manner; and this exercise of it was one of the very grounds upon which the establishment of the constitution was urged and vindicated."

Answering the argument that a protective tariff is unconstitutional and that a revenue tariff only is constitutional, Story, speaking of the latter, continues:

"It would be in effect a perpetuation of that very system of monopoly, of encouragement of foreign manufactures, and depression of domestic industry, which was so much complained of during our colonial dependence, and which kept all America in a state of poverty and slavish devotion to British interests. Under such circumstances the constitution would be established, not for the purposes avowed in the preamble, but for the exclusive benefit and advancement of foreign nations, to aid their manufactures and sustain their agriculture. Suppose cotton, rice, tobacco, wheat, corn, sugar and other raw materials could be or should hereafter be

abundantly produced in foreign countries, under the fostering hands of their governments, by bounties and commercial regulations, so as to become cheaper with such aids than our own; are all our markets to be opened to such products without any restraint, simply because we may not want *revenue*, to the ruin of our products and industry? Is America ready to give everything to Europe, without any equivalent; and take, in return, whatever Europe may choose to give, upon its own terms? The most servile provincial dependence could not do more evil. \* \* \*

#### THE FEELING OF THE FIRST CONGRESS

"The very first congress that ever sat under the constitution, composed in a considerable degree of those who had framed or assisted in the discussion of its provisions in the state conventions, deliberately adopted this view of the power. And what is more remarkable, upon a subject of deep interest and excitement, which at the time occasioned long and vehement debates, not a syllable of doubt was breathed from any quarter against the constitutionality of protecting agriculture and manufactures by laying duties, although the intention to protect and encourage them was constantly avowed. Nay, it was contended to be a paramount duty upon the faithful fulfillment of which the constitution had been adopted, and the omission of which would be a political fraud, without a whisper of dissent from any side. It was demanded by the people from various parts of the Union; and was resisted by none. \* \* \*

"The very preamble of the second act passed by congress is: 'Whereas, it is necessary for the support of the government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and *the encouragement and protection of manufactures*, that duties be laid on goods, wares and merchandise imported. Be it enacted,'

etc. Yet not a solitary voice was raised against it."

And Story concludes as follows:

"If ever, therefore, contemporaneous exposition and the uniform and progressive operations of the government itself, in all its departments, can be of any weight to settle the construction of the constitution, there never has been, and there never can be, more decided evidence in favor of the power than is furnished by the history of our national laws for the encouragement of domestic agriculture and manufactures. \* \* \* Without such a power the government would be absolutely worthless, and made merely subservient to the policy of foreign nations, incapable of self-protection or self-support; with it, the country will have a right to assert its equality and dignity and sovereignty among the other nations of the earth."

Justice Story's demonstration of the constitutionality, wisdom and rightfulness of a protective tariff has never been dissented from by the supreme court of the United States or by any other court, or even questioned by any other commentator on the constitution. Yet in the face of this Mr. Bryan quotes a few sentences taken out of an opinion in a municipal bond case and tries by those sentences to show that a protective tariff is unconstitutional as to power and wrong as to principle.

#### THE BENEFIT TO THE FARMER

Mr. Bryan tries to show that a protective tariff does not benefit the farmer, because the farmer exports a part of his product; but what answer will the farmer himself make to this—the farmer, whose products are bought and consumed chiefly by tens of millions of people here at home engaged in manufacturing, mining, transportation, etc., all of which industries are admitted to have reached their present magnitude under a protective tariff? What answer

will the farmer make from his own experience as to the price of his products under a non-protective tariff? What answer will the farmers of his own state make who remember the years when they burned their corn for fuel and let their wheat rot on the ground? I think the farmer will repeat the words of Patrick Henry: "I know no other lamp but the lamp of experience," etc.

Mr. Bryan does not lay much stress upon the argument advanced by less cautious advocates of a tariff for revenue only that American manufacturers sell abroad cheaper than they do at home. And no wonder; for he knows that the manufacturers of every nation in the world sell abroad cheaper than they do at home. He knows that the manufacturers of free-trade England sell abroad cheaper than they sell at home. He knows the reasons for this, which are so simple and familiar that perhaps I ought not to take the space to summarize them.

#### WHY OUR PRODUCTS ARE SOLD MORE CHEAPLY ABROAD THAN AT HOME

Articles are sold abroad cheaper than they are at home, first, to dispose of any surplus on hand, so that the factories may keep open and their laborers steadily be employed; and, second, in order to capture a new market or to keep the old one. Take, for instance, a wagon factory that I know of; in a certain year it had found that it had over-produced. It could do one of two things—hold the stock over, shut down the factory, discharge the men and cease producing until its surplus was sold at home, or sell its surplus stock abroad at the best prices it could get and keep the factory going and its men employed. It chose the latter course, which was not only good business, but also patriotic and humane. More than this, such a course gives a steadiness to all industries.

For example, take the United States

Steel Company, with its enormous plan and its more than two hundred thousand employes, earning nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars wages every year. It frequently produces a surplus. If it refuses to sell this surplus abroad at the best prices it can get, it must necessarily shut down some of its works, discharge thousands of its men, etc., until the surplus stock is disposed of at home. Everybody can see what such a business policy as that would bring to this country if many manufacturing industries did the same thing.

#### EUROPE'S LESSON FROM AMERICA

On the other hand, the effect of such business policy on our foreign competitors is best stated in their own language. Nobody would so welcome Mr. Bryan's plan of shutting down American factories and discharging American workmen until our surplus were sold at home, rather than keeping our factories going and our workmen employed by selling our surplus abroad for the best price we could get for it. In 1902 the British Iron Trade sent a commission to America which went exhaustively into the whole subject of the iron and steel industry in the United States in their voluminous report of six hundred pages. This painstaking commission says:

"From our point of view in England, on the other hand, this policy certainly carries with it great menace. The steel corporation controls practically unlimited capital, and the best mines, the best coke, the best plants, the best lines of communication, the ablest managers, and the most perfect selling arrangements. When this great syndicate deliberately decides to sell a certain small percentage of their enormous output at cost, or even at a loss, in our own territory, such an action will be apt to demoralize our prices, and to send us through such a period of reorganization, failures and destruction of capital



as America experienced in the long-to-be-remembered years between 1893 and 1897. But as America during these years, after learning the dearly bought lesson, pulled itself together and created the present successful organization of its iron and steel business, so, I have no doubt, will Great Britain do."

I have said that it is the business policy of the manufacturers of every nation to sell abroad cheaper than at home. The steel industry is a good illustration of this. For example, here is a table giving the home price of rails, billets and other articles of the manufacturers of various countries:

I cite the deliberate statement of John Mitchell, in whom the American workmen have more confidence than in any other man in this country. Says Mr. Mitchell on this point:

"There is no doubt that, upon the whole, the American workingman receives better wages, both in money and in what money will buy, than the workman of any of the nations of Europe."

#### HOW MARKET OUR SURPLUS?

Indeed, it is this very surplus that now constitutes the real and immediate

Country	Rails		Billets		Structural, Including Shapes, Plates, Bars, Angles and Tees	
	Home Price	Export Price	Home Price	Export Price	Home Price	Export Price
Great Britain.....	\$31.50	\$25.00	\$24.00	.....	\$1.60	\$1.35
Canada .....	33.00	33.00	.....	.....	.....	.....
Germany .....	30.00	24.00	27.00	\$20.00	1.50	1.25
France .....	31.00	25.50	27.00	20.50	1.65	1.45
Austria-Hungary.....	31.00	25.50	27.00	22.00	1.50	1.35
Belgium .....	30.00	24.00	27.00	19.50	1.55	1.35 to 1.40
United States .....	28.00	25.00 to 20.00	24.00 to 27.00	21.00	1.60 to 1.70	1.40 to 1.50

What is thus shown to be true of steel and iron is equally true of every other article of manufacture, and for precisely the same reasons.

If, then, we should take our tariff off manufactured articles, this country would become the "dumping ground" (to use the accepted business phrase) for the surplus manufactured products of every other nation in the world. Our own manufacturers would have to compete not only with manufactures produced by labor which is admittedly paid less than our own, but far worse than, by the combined surplus products of all the labor in the world which is paid less than our own. Will any American laborer, any American manufacturer who employs him, any American farmer who feeds him, tolerate such a policy for an instant? And that foreign labor is far more poorly paid than American labor

tariff question. How shall we dispose of our surplus products? How shall we get new markets—this is the whole tariff question as it stands to-day. Doctor Crowell, in a very lucid article in *The Protectionist* for 1904, says that in many lines we are now manufacturing more by twenty-five per cent. than we can consume. We must dispose of that surplus. Neither free trade nor a revenue tariff would help us dispose of it. Even the greatest of British statesmen, like Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, are demonstrating that plain truth to the British people; and, as I have shown, neither free trade nor a revenue tariff would help us dispose of our surplus, but would make our country a "dumping ground" for the surplus products of other countries.

On the other hand, a straight-out protective tariff does not sufficiently open



foreign markets, because, as shown in my first paper on this tariff debate, it gives us nothing to trade upon. And, as utterly ruinous as a straight-out revenue tariff would be, and as out-of-date as a straight-out protective tariff is, either of them, if steadily adhered to, would be far better than changing about from one policy to the other. It would be better for the country to have a revenue tariff for fifty years, or a protective tariff for fifty years, than to have one kind of tariff for a few years and another kind of tariff for a few years, and so on. For, handicapped as the country's business would be under either tariff, still if it were permanent the country's business could, in a measure, adjust itself to it; whereas, if we change about from one theory to the other, there could be no adjustment of anything. The country's business would be in a state of continuous suspense and alarm. Of course, anybody can see that human beings could not do any business under such circumstances, no matter how industrious, thrifty, or capable they were.

#### IMPORTANCE OF BEING STEADFAST

So we have got to have a steady tariff policy instead of a periodical tariff upheaval, and that policy must be one which fits the conditions of the world as we find it and enables us to open new markets and dispose of our surplus products. Every one must admit this, and yet, if it is admitted, that admission means that we must have, first, a permanent tariff commission of experts, which alone can give steadiness and continuity to our tariff legislation; and, second, a maximum and minimum tariff, which, while sufficiently protecting our own industries, enables us to give tariff concessions to those nations which will give tariff concessions to us, and to punish nations which will not give tariff concessions to us. Thus we see that from whatever point of view we survey

this question a permanent commission of experts and a maximum and minimum tariff appears as the only solution of the tariff question as it exists to-day.

We dare not lose sight of the fact that the main problem in the whole tariff question is the disposal of our surplus—the finding of markets for our exports. We are far behind Germany in the comparative growth of our exports; even behind France; and in the comparative growth of our imports England is falling far in the rear of every modern commercial and industrial nation. Consider the figures and the facts. Germany is a small country. Its soil is comparatively poor and non-productive. Its population is about forty-five million. On the other hand, the American republic is twenty (?) times larger than Germany; we have ninety millions of people—over twice Germany's entire population. Our soil is the richest and most productive in the world. Our mines of coal and iron are unequaled, and cotton and other raw materials for manufacture are at our furnace doors. The quality of our labor is far above that of other countries, and our business men, methods, and, in general, the managers of our industries are the keenest and most energetic on earth. Yet in ten years Germany has increased her exports from \$838,980,940 in 1896 to \$1,457,750,000 in 1906, and her imports are at this moment distancing even this amazing record. We have in ten years increased our exports from \$986,830,000 to \$1,772,716,000—a very good increase if considered alone, but, taking into account our immeasurably superior resources, a very poor showing indeed compared with Germany's.

#### SOME NECESSARY REDUCTIONS

As I have shown in my first paper, sugar ought to be on the free list for the good of our own people, where the McKinley bill placed it. But, for the

greater good of our own people, in putting it on the free list we should open new markets to American products. Wood pulp should be on the free list for the good of our people; but, for the greater good of our own people, in putting it on the free list we should compel Canada to put many American products on her free list. The same is true of lumber. The tariff on steel billets, bars, plates and rails should be reduced for the good of our own people. But for the greater good of our own people, in reducing that tariff we should require other nations to reduce their tariffs.

But if politicians, fighting over old catchwords—"moth-eaten catchwords," as Mr. Balfour calls the same class of phrases in England—still insist on issues that have disappeared and refuse to adopt a maximum and minimum tariff and establish an expert commission demanded by modern conditions—*then these articles must be placed on the free list or the tariff on them reduced, and the remainder of the tariff be revised upon the principles of protection.*

For the present tariff must be revised. It is now decidedly out of date. It has

been ten years since its adoption; and in those ten years the country has made a quarter of a century's progress. To refuse to recognize this progress and to continue the present tariff law as it is would be unjust to our manufacturers, and indeed to all our people. And a tariff for revenue only would be worse than intolerable—it would be ruinous. Let us hope that the time has come when we can take up this great question as business men would take up any question arising in their own affairs, or working-men any question arising in theirs, or farmers any question arising in theirs, and settle it as the existing conditions in the present world demand that it should be settled—settle it, not as a mere theorist who dreams of the world as he would like to have it would settle it, not as the political stump speaker who learned his eloquence twenty years ago and has been repeating the same thing ever since would settle it. But let us settle it as fair, broad-minded, practical and informed men would settle any question—without partizanship, without rancor—for the best interests of all the people.

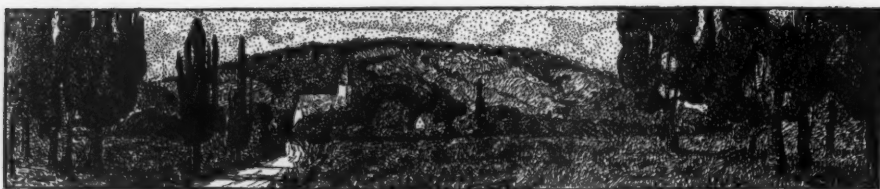
[The subject to be discussed in the January issue is "Swollen Fortunes"]

## VESTAL

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES

She dwelt apart, as one whom love passed by,  
 Yet in her heart love glowed with steadfast beam;  
 And as the moonlight on a wintry stream  
 With paly radiance doth glorify  
 All barren things that in its circle lie,  
 So, from within, love shed so fair a gleam  
 About her, that it made her desert seem  
 A paradise, abloom immortally.

Some rashly pitied her; but, to atone,  
 If one perchance gazed long upon her face,  
 He grew to feel himself more strangely lone—  
 Love lent her look such amplitude of grace;  
 Yet who that would have made that love his own  
 Aught worthy had to offer in its place?



## THE OUTLANDISH WOMAN

By INEZ G. THOMPSON

ALLURA looked up from her embroidery, waited an instant, shyly, then looked down again, mildly intent on an impossible rose. The smile of greeting that was particularly hers had not been forthcoming; but she did not allow the omission to interfere with the precision of her stitches.

Dr. John Brand slid into a chair near the door, oblivious to her expectancy and his own neglect. He was listening, intently, to hear how the judge would explain matters to the curious roomful—a necessity that the judge had foreseen and prepared for, during their silent drive home.

"My friends"—the tone was judicial, calm, protective—"I am happy to inform you that the report was, as—er—usual in such cases, exaggerated. We found that the house had been entered, true—but the 'gang' of outlaws and foreigners numbered but two—a—er—woman and an old man. And as I found their case to present some—er—unusual features, I consented to their remaining, for a time—a short time. That is all."

He glanced obliquely at Doctor John as he sat down; but the doctor was folding and refolding a wisp of paper, outwardly inattentive. It was Mrs. Chester Severy who broke into high-pitched remonstrance that gained courage from the blank disapproval of her neighbors.

"Well, all is, I hope you won't regret it, Judge Pottle! You know your own business, I suppose, an' it's your house

they broke into—but like breeds like, an' their friends 'n' relations will pile in here till th' village is overrun with 'em, or I'll miss my guess! If some of us have our throats cut some fine night, I want it remembered that I expected it in th' beginning—lettin' a crowd of outlandish men break into a house an' stay in—"

"Didn't you hear that there are only two?" interrupted Doctor John, with sudden irritation. "There's just a girl and her father; and—the father will die."

"Die!" Judge Pottle sat erect, blanching under the accusing eyes and his own quick fear. "Die—of what? You handled him, John—you didn't tell me—"

"Some foreign fever!" shrilled Mrs. Severy, triumphantly. "An' when th' village is swept from end to end—"

"Natural causes," said Doctor John, sharply. "There's no danger. You seem to forget, though—" he stopped, frowned and sat back, his sentence unfinished. The judge breathed deeply in relief.

"Much ado about nothing, eh?" he remarked with heavy pleasantry. "Mrs. P., my—er—dear, can you not offer our guests some slight refreshment? A—er—sandwich or so? I leave it to you."

Mrs. Wendell Pottle fluttered hospitably at the unwonted suggestion. "Why, sech as there is, I'll be pleased to offer you," she beamed. "We baked bread today—an' some cold meat 'n' perserves—"

an' cake—I'll get right about it. You come too, 'Lura."

Allura came from her corner obediently, pausing as she reached Doctor John's chair, with a quick glance at the suddenly cheerful company. "I could get mother to give me things—tea and food—and put some up for you to take to—that girl," she said hurriedly. "You're going there, aren't you?"

"Why, yes." Doctor John started and smiled up at her. "That's mighty thoughtful of you, 'Lura. Say, couldn't you slip it out to me right away? I don't want to stay here and eat—with all these people, I mean. I'll come back again, though, if you'll let me, after they're gone."

"Yes—you may." She colored faintly as she turned.

"And it is so—so good of you," he said again, as he took the basket from her in the hall. "That poor girl will be mighty grateful—I'll tell her who sent it." He stood a moment, awkwardly. "The fact is," he blurted, "I am ashamed of myself, 'Lura. Think of our traveling out there with the constable and an armed posse—to arrest a girl and a sick man. She couldn't let him die on the ground—everybody hounded them on—so when she saw this ramshackle, deserted little hut I suppose she knew of no law that would prevent her breaking into it for shelter. As far as that went, she—didn't care!" He whistled softly at the remembrance. "She faced the whole blamed lot of us—ordered us out, by Jove—and the posse went! She pleaded with your father a bit. He was a trifle—well, rough with her, you know; but when he didn't budge she—smiled at him! I can't tell you how, but it meant a knife in the ribs for the man that touched her. And your father backed away from her at that, and took the dollar she gave him for rent without a murmur. But she's only a girl, after all, 'Lura. When I told her I was a doctor she—looked at me. I never saw

a look beg for so much before. So I'm going back, to show her we're not all heathen. Your thought of her in this—well, it shows me that you and I—will be very happy, 'Lura." He stooped and brushed her soft cheek with his lips.

She drew back, blushing.

"It's nothing," she protested. "I'm glad to do it. Look out for the basket—there's a dish."

When the door closed behind him she ran to the dark parlor and watched him out of sight. Later she watched there again for his coming, but he did not return.

The sick man lay on the floor, wrapped in a blanket, and the girl knelt beside him, silent and watchful. There was nothing to do but watch and wait—Doctor John saw it at a glance; but it was impossible to leave her alone with what was to be. He put Allura's basket on the floor and crouched beside it without speaking.

At midnight the room grew very cold, for the spring was young, and he tiptoed out, wincing as his cramped limbs rebelled, to search for something to burn. He felt a queer satisfaction in trampling and breaking the judge's weather-beaten "To Let" sign, and with this, some scattered twigs and a strip of the hanging wall paper he made a fire in the rusty, broken cook stove. The girl paid him no attention, but when a cover dropped, clattering, from the improvised lifter, the sick man started up, galvanically. Instantly the girl had him in her strong arms, soothing him in their own tongue. Doctor John came close on the other side, bending over him reassuringly, for the light that flickered transiently in the dulled eyes was of fear.

"All right—it's all right," the young doctor cried to him, patting the groping hands, "it's all—right." Slowly, as though at some inkling of his meaning, the tangle of gray beard moved, as the stiff lips formed a ghostly, conciliatory smile.

"How-de-do," the man achieved in a

croaking whisper, striving desperately to placate this newcomer. "How-de-do," he formed again, his nerveless hand failing as he strove to touch the girl. The movement was a prayer. "How—" The girl held him silently a long minute, then laid him gently down. When it was over she looked at him a moment, tearlessly, drew the blanket over the still face, and stood up. Doctor John rose, watching her.

She turned to the shapeless bundle of striped ticking that had lain half-opened all this time on the floor, tied the gaping corners dextrously, swung it to her hip and stood an instant; then she lowered it slowly and looked full at him for the first time, her dark, handsome face stolid and set.

"I—mus' go now?" she queried. "Or maybe I could stay till th' night, if you ask? Till my father is—put away. I will pay."

Doctor John swore hysterically under his breath.

"You—you stay here!" he exploded. "I'd like to see any one turn you out! I'll take care of you. Look here! Here are nice things a lady sent you—things to eat. You're all but done for. You stay here and eat a little, if you can, and I'll get some one—some woman—and I'll tend to everything. But you shall stay." Then it occurred to him that his rapid words were confusing her, for her face grew dazed. So he went to her, moved the bundle to a far corner, came back and took her limp hands, speaking slowly and quietly.

"It's all right," he explained. "Stay—stay. Do you understand? I say—"

She had understood all, it appeared, for suddenly her stupor of incredulity gave way before a rush of passionate tears. With a cry of thankfulness she tore her hands free, dropped before him and kissed his hands, his knees, his boots and the dusty floor beside his feet.

He stammered and crimsoned over it when he told Sylvi' Kennedy at day-

light. Properly, he should have gone to the minister's wife, to some reliable church "worker"—even to Allura and her mother; but instead he went to faded, frivolous Sylvi' Kennedy, in her rooms behind her millinery shop, and she gave him the tearful, voluble sympathy he craved.

"Poor young critter!" Sylvi' poured him a cup of coffee with one hand, and with the other freed her scant locks from rubber wavers in generous haste. "You drink that, Johnny—yes you can, too! No woman with her—a stranger in a strange land.' Ain't it like what you read about? And to strike this, of all places! Not to speak ill of it, but I wouldn't see a yaller dog dependent on th' charity of some folks not a hundred miles from here—an' to think of her. Yes, I'll hurry, Johnny—I can't remember to call you 'doctor' after seein' you under foot ever since you was a tow-headed young one. Yes, I'll go right over, an' be there when th' undertaker gets there. Ain't I a fool to cry? But I'd like to know who could help it!"

She sat on the girl's square of ticking in the little front room, with the girl kneeling before her, when Doctor John came in with the undertaker. The contents of the bundle were scattered about—two mugs of brass, some cheap cutlery, neatly folded clothing, and three battered books; and on Sylvi's knees and in her hands were strips of needlework, which she held up delightedly for Doctor John's inspection.

"Though, bein' a man, you can't appreciate it," she conceded, "nevertheless, you can take my word for it that there's folks that would give its weight 'n gold for this genuine article; an' I tell Sophia here—she calls it So-fee-ar—did she tell you? An' her father was sort of out in his head, like most of them Russians, an' was possessed that some one was after him, an' consequently kep' her on th' clean jump. Well, I was sayin', I tell her to stay right where she is till she can





Painting by Herbert Summers

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HER VOICE CUT, AGONIZED, THROUGH THE STILLNESS. "TO-MORROW!"—Page 94

sort of look about her, an' I'll buy up all she can turn out of this stuff, to sell to th' summer folks. Maybe I seem heartless to talk business at sech a time, but we that's left has got to eat an' drink an' clothe ourselves. I mean well enough. An' now, Sophia, you get your things an' come along home with me."

But Sophia was not to be moved. She kissed Sylvi's hand in a passion of gratitude that swelled that person's romantic heart well-nigh to bursting; but why, since the good God had sent her such powerful protectors, must she go from this spot where her father rested? It ended in Sylvi's departure, fired with enthusiasm in a new direction, and night found the room made habitable with relics from the Kennedy garret—shaky tables, splint-bottomed chairs, worn rugs, woven and braided by Kennedys and Barstows, who, perchance, turned in their graves at the desecration; a "corded" bedstead, with yellowed, lavender-laid sheets; while in the bare front room the father lay, so peaceful that it seemed he knew the kindness of these strangers to his child.

Sylvi' Kennedy stayed the night, and each night thereafter till the girl grew accustomed, in a little, to her surroundings.

"But as Easter mill'nery never yet give way to mortal need, I shan't be able to see you after this, only off 'n' on," she announced finally. "You most likely'll be lonesome, but you needn't be scairt. Old Wen' Pottle—if it don't do me good to call him that out loud!—old Wen' Pottle won't molest you so long's he gets his four dollars rent for this hole. You'll have your work to keep you busy, an' me an' Doctor John'll look after you, you know. I guess you know you can rely on me an' him, don't you?"

"Yess," said Sophia softly, "I—he—he iss—" and suddenly blushed, hot red, and hid her face.

Sylvi' Kennedy permitted herself to gasp wordlessly when she got outside.

"But I ain't goin' to remember it," she vowed. "I shall forget I ever thought it. The' Lord keep other folks from findin' it out!"

Other folks found out nothing. They saw the girl at intervals, working in her strip of garden, gathering sticks in the woods and herbs in the field with old-world thrift. They bought such wisps and ends of her needlework as were left over by the summer visitors, and tried in vain to "take off" the patterns—greatly to the secret joy of Sylvi' Kennedy. They knew that the "outlandish woman," as they termed her, was an idolater, since she turned the minister and the Roman Catholic priest from her door; and it was generally understood that she carried a knife in her bosom, and used her herbs in the making of deadly brews. At an earlier time she would have been disposed of with cheerful promptitude in the manner prescribed for the abolition of witches and their craft. Being the present, she was shunned, deliciously feared, and wholesomely respected.

The grocer and butcher received her weekly orders through Sylvi' Kennedy, left them at her gate, and found payment in the basket on their return trip. Doctor John Brand stopped outside, now and then, and spoke with her briefly as she stood in the doorway; but it remained for the "bad" boys of the school to venture near enough, in the marauding spirit of vacation time, to peer in the shining windows. They saw nothing save the stiffly-starched white sash curtains, but these familiar barriers served to whet their keenness. So it happened that one day they were surprised at their prying by "the woman" herself, who came quietly around the corner of the house, a basket of field greens on her arm.

Five of them got away somehow, but "Boxer" Wood, who had advanced to the superior wickedness of trying the door, slipped on a stone, slipped again



SHE-SMILED! . . . IT MEANT A KNIFE IN THE RIBS FOR THE  
MAN THAT TOUCHED HER.—Page 83

as he leaped for the fence, and crashed over into the ditch with a scream of pain and fright that paralyzed the runners. They saw the woman go to him, hold down the fighting hands, lift and carry him easily into the fateful house. With

one accord they turned again and raced into the town.

It took time to find Mrs. Wood, where she was paying a peaceful call, and time to get the constable from his hay field. In consequence, the rescuing party had

not left the Wood's front yard when the "woman" appeared, carrying the vanquished "Boxer" without apparent effort. "Boxer's" right leg protruded, the ankle stiffened and bandaged, but his head rested contentedly against the woman's neck, his hair was smooth and sleek, his scratched face clean and sheepish, and his mouth circled with cake crumbs. The rescuers divided, wide-eyed and dumb, to let her through, and she passed them, her head high, entered the house, put "Boxer" on a lounge, came out again, and had gone some distance down the street when Mrs. Wood recovered her wits and rushed in pursuit.

The watchers saw the woman stop, answer Mrs. Wood hesitatingly, then accept the proffered hand.

"And as soon as he's able to walk I'll have his father give him th' worst licking he ever got in his life," they heard Mrs. Wood declare with excited emphasis. "This is th' second thing we've got to be ashamed of—not to mention leavin' you all alone there to live or die without a Christian word or look! I tell you, I ask your pardon—an' if you ever want a friend, you send to me!"

The story traveled fast. It spread with wonderful additions when the old doctor examined "Boxer's" hurt, replaced the bandages, and advised the Woods to call in whoever had done it and not bother him next time. It was the beginning of a revolution.

By the opening of the second spring the old doctor had come to demand her at the bedsides of his patients. Primarily, he cared for her because she was an ideal nurse, strong, tireless and wonderfully skilled; and further, it afforded him freedom from the irritation of the city "trained" nurses—creatures he detested heartily, one and all. He liked to pause on his leisurely rounds, when he came to the room where Sophia presided, and watch the quiet, handsome face intent on the making of intricate

stitches. The monotonously moving slender hand and the glint of silky colors soothed him as it soothed her fractious patients; and when the querulous fretting of one and another and another that he had known all his long life ended in all-knowing silence, he felt that he could sit by them, brooding as an old man broods, with his lapse from the professional safe in the silent understanding of this alien.

The demurs of the older generation he overruled, at first, in his autocratic way. They did not object a second time. The younger generation did not object at all. It was a stimulating novelty to have such a person for nurse. Moreover, her ability was beyond question, and—a powerful though unspoken argument—her charges were wonderfully small.

Doctor John Brand found her before him in homes where he knew from inevitable experience there could be no question of payment, however small. Yet it was in these places that Sophia expended her utmost skill, and Doctor John forbore from interfering when he saw the transformation such service wrought in her. Brought very near these needy ones by pain, and superior through giving, the sullen endurance and suspicious aloofness that had characterized the girl by whom he had watched in that first night of her coming was utterly dispelled. In their stead he watched the growth of emotions well nigh as alien in their intensity—of happiness and outspoken tenderness, the joy of work and of life. The thought of her stayed with him in the way he saw her most often—her face radiant and tremulous, her lashes in wet, black semicircles on her cheeks as she stooped to put the newborn child in her arms beside its mother.

When the picture came to him unbidden as he sat opposite Allura on their evenings together, he grew afraid. Blurring Allura's nunlike face and quiet



SYLVI' POURED HIM A CUP OF COFFEE WITH ONE HAND, AND WITH THE OTHER FREED HER SCANT LOCKS.—Page 84

eyes, downcast on her sewing, he could see it, misty, wavering, but compelling in its tenderness, its vague promise.

"Will you marry me soon, Allura?" he asked her abruptly one night at parting. Watching her, breathlessly, he saw her pale, flush, then pale again.

"Why?" she asked calmly.

He felt a hurt contraction in his throat, just as he had felt when repulsed in a penitent tenderness in childhood. Yet he went to her, in the dimly-lighted hall, and took her hands gently.

"Because I need you," he urged. "I know what I'm asking, 'Lura—I'm no richer than I was two years ago. But I need you. Don't you—care enough, dear?"

She did not, as he had feared, take fright at his unusual demonstration, but her voice was colorless when she spoke, after a long pause.

"I will—do as you think best. But you know we thought it wise to wait until your practice grew—"

He dropped her hands instantly. "And



so we will," he cut her short. "So we will wait, you wise, thrifty small person! Only I hoped you would say that you'd do it—just say so. Perhaps I wouldn't have let you. To know that you were willing was all I wanted. But you don't understand—"

Allura lifted her blue eyes to his, their clear depths unmoved and incurious.

"I don't understand—" she prompted as he paused.

"Understand what a complete and hopeless fool a man can be," he answered her with sudden bitterness, and allowed himself the luxury of slamming the heavy, respectable Pottle door. Instantly he was ashamed, though the sting of her reluctance burrowed deeper as he tramped moodily along.

"She don't care," he told himself; "she'll never care! If she—if she would love me—" He caught his breath, for at the word came that memory of Sophia, tenderly pallid, her lashes wet, her mouth smiling.

Sylvi Kennedy, working late in her little back room, answered his peremptory tattoo on her window and made him welcome without question. He found himself steaming velvet, awkwardly and obediently, over a hot iron, while he listened, almost gratefully, to her ceaseless chatter. They ate dry sandwiches and drank muddy cocoa together sociably at midnight, and then she sent him away.

"Which I wouldn't do if I didn't see you was all right again, Johnny," she added with startling candor. "Whenever you feel th' need of it, run in—I don't care how late 'tis. I guess I'm too old to get myself talked about."

"Wh-what?" he stammered, clumsily. "What is it you—"

"Shucks! Fiddlesticks! Good land o' love!" sputtered Sylvi, clashing plates, cups and saucers into a tottering pile. "Do you take me for a natural-born fool? I care a sight for you, Johnny, but I know you. Once, when you was a young one, your mother brought you in

here with her, an' when no one was lookin' you stole a rhinestone buckle. We'd never known it if it hadn't been for you plantin' yourself right in front of us, with th' very Old Harry shinin' out of you—scairt an' afraid, but tickled to death. I thought of it when you come in to-night—you looked jest so. An' I—well, never mind, Johnny—but I'm glad you stopped here."

"Perhaps you can guess, then," his tone threatened, "where I meant to go? You might as well speak it out!"

"Yes, I guess I know, Johnny." Sylvi's hands trembled, but her wizened, bepowdered face turned to him bravely. "I know, but you won't do it—you remember that she's a 'stranger in a strange land,' don't you, Johnny? You couldn't go to her honorable, because there's 'Lura. Even if you could, oil an' water never yet mixed! All is—remember she's a good girl."

"I'll remember. You're a good woman," said John huskily as he went out.

Because he strove manfully to remember, it was two weeks before he rapped on Sylvi's window again. She babbled her harmless gossip, while she whipped "made-overs" into shape, fed and finally dismissed him, as before, with no reference to the reason for his coming; but on the seventh night thereafter he was back to her window. She saw shame and appeal under the grim pallor of his face; his heavy, fair hair clung to his damp forehead and his breath came fast. She guessed the truth. He had gone past, this time, some distance along the straight road that led to the outskirts, and then, almost out of sight of the light in her window, had turned and raced back.

"Johnny," she entreated, without preface, "why don't you tell 'Lura?'"

His gray eyes met hers miserably for an instant, then he hid them with his hands.

"I—can—not!" he dragged out, sick with scorn of himself.

"Well, well—keep your courage, Johnny! Why don't you get married, then, and jest try to—"

"She won't do it, Sylvi'. I've asked her. She wants to wait till I have a larger practice—a decent income. You see, she doesn't care; if she did she could hold me. As it is, there's a very devil tempting me. I—I mustn't even talk about it!"

"But perhaps Sophia don't care any—" Too late she saw her blunder. Doctor John flung up his head, the gleam she dreaded in his eyes.

"Perhaps she doesn't," he said rapidly. "Perhaps she doesn't care—for me; but she can love and she can hate. I've seen her do both. She'd give—she'd give all—all a man could dream of or endure—I know that. And that's what I want—to know. I want even her hate, for to be hated as she could hate would be living—do you understand? That's what I'm starving for. To *live*! And if she—if she loved—"

"Don't—don't talk so!" Sylvi' commanded. "Fight it—fight hard—"

"Doctor! Doctor John!" The call brought them to their feet. In a moment it came again, and a bit of gravel struck the window pane with a thud and rattle. Doctor John sprang to the door and opened it. The light streamed down on Sophia's upturned face.

"Forgive—but could you come?" she smiled up at him, panting from her haste. "The Murch child—it is gone; but they will have you to come; and there was none to send but me. By luck I came here at last, and saw you through the glass. Will you come with me?"

"Yes." Doctor John's voice sounded strained. "I will go with you."

The gleam and the fear and the dare-devil triumph were rioting in his face as he turned for his hat and looked at Sylvi.

"There's no use fighting Fate, is there?" he asked, and laughed outright, mirthlessly, as he ran down the steps.

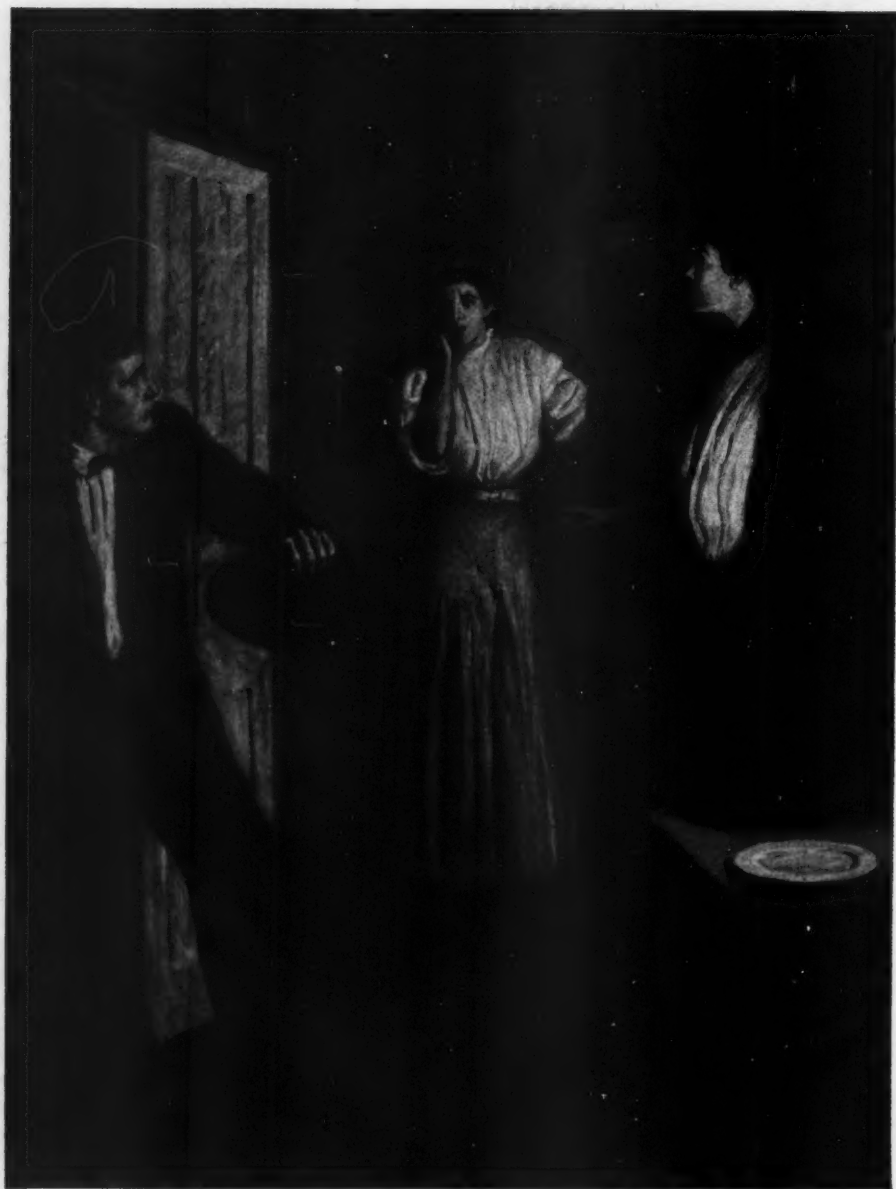
Sylvi' closed and locked the door, went back to the table and took up her neglected bonnet frame.

"I hope I'll be allowed to put some-thin' new on this," she said aloud, fretfully. "I want to perk it up somehow. I want—Johnny! Oh, my Lord!" The cry broke shrilly and she clutched the frame to her thin bosom, rocking back and forth. "How could I stop him? What could I say when he faced me so? He looked like his father come to life! I saw his father look so an' say jest them words once—once! His father—his father!" She threw her arms out on the littered table and dropped her head on them, sobbing, the young John and his danger forgotten beside this ghost of her one romance.

To Doctor John there was neither thought of danger nor question of right or wrong remaining. The birthright of superstition, latent under his Puritan exterior, seized on the portent of Sophia's timely coming and her call to him. Their very words had been significant. "Will you come with me?" she had asked. "Yes, I will go with you." They sounded over and over to him as he walked beside her. "Will you come with me?" "Yes, I will go with you." And Sophia, responding to his mood, kept on silently beside him, her free step swinging identically with his to the rhythm of the words. He repeated them mechanically, pausing with his hand on the knob of the sickroom door.

"I will go with you." Sophia looked up quickly at his tone. And suddenly there was no more need of words between them.

Very slowly he lifted his free hand to the black cloud of her hair, drawing his palm over her face, closing the white lids on the splendor of her eyes, hiding the temptation of her mouth with a lingering pressure, then wrenched his hand from her clinging lips and opened the door on the din of Mrs. Murch's hysteria.



Painting by Herbert Summers

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"BUT YOU DIDN'T COME IN, JOHN." ALLURA FOUND HER QUAVERING VOICE AT LAST.—Page 93

Outside again, after the hard hour, it was Sophia who spoke first.

"I love you. I have love' you all this time."

She understood his tremble and the grip that hurt her hand, and leaned her cheek happily on his rough-coated shoulder as they went; but that he should halt, still silent, on her threshold, while she waited just inside, was a thing she could not understand.

"Will you not come in?" she asked him, softly. The warmth and soft darkness and the faint, sweet scent of her drying herbs crept about him in bewildering envelopment, and he could see the dim white of her face, lifted within reach of his lips. He lifted his hands, gripping the casement on either side, and stood firm, a blacker shape in the black oblong of the doorway.

"No," he said laboredly. "I can't. I thought I could—I wish I could—but I may not, Sophia."

"But I love you," she murmured, her hands clasping his rigid arms. "I love you—John."

"I—will—not!" he defied her. "Not until I can come honorably. To-morrow, perhaps—but not now. I am not free to take your love, Sophia. I thought it wouldn't matter, but it does. Don't touch me—yet! Do you hear? Go in and light your lamp and let me see you safe. Sophia—!"

"Kiss me once—just once? You will kiss me?"

"No—no, I tell you. I don't dare! When I am free—to-morrow. Sophia, do you hear what I say?"

She turned away, cowed, but he heard her catch her breath sobbingly as she fumbled on a shelf in the darkness. The match rasped, ignited, and the flame, as she sheltered it, centered on her white throat and grieved lips. It dwindled to a spark as the draft caught it, sputtered, and went out as the wick caught and the yellow blaze flared up. It showed Al-lura Pottle standing near the table, her

hands pressed to her ashen cheeks, her tumbled hair a halo, her eyes fixed fearfully on the door.

Doctor John turned his head to dispel the vision. When he looked again she still stood watching him, her lips moving without sound.

"But you didn't come in, John," she found her quavering voice at last. "I was wrong in all but that—wrong and selfish and weak—but I knew you better than Sylvi' after all. When she came to warn me, I told her that I knew—told her I would stake my life on you; and I've won! You didn't come in, John—you didn't come in!"

"To-morrow, or the next day, or the next, I should have come in," he answered her, brutally. "I'm not worth believing in because of that, 'Lura—it's only that I lacked courage, I think. But when you had set me free—"

"But I shall not!" the words rang out. "When you asked it, I should have told you—told you, at last, that I love you, John. Oh, it's because I didn't dare—didn't dare let you see, or even to tell myself, that it's all gone wrong. I didn't dare—I couldn't! But I've learned. I'd have told you that night, a month ago, perhaps—but you asked me to marry you because you needed me. Needed me—needed to be tied to me, to be helped to be true. And I wanted to hear that you loved me, John. But I'll come to you now, anyhow, any time, if you'll take me—take me—"

"'Lura!" He took a step forward across the threshold to her. Sophia moved at that, with a cry of protest that went unheard. Then she fell back noiselessly, step by step, into the shadow and stood watching.

"—if you will take me," Allura pleaded. Her arms were reached to him, her face tremulous, alive, her eyes black in their intensity and afire with pain. "I love you, John. I was jealous—I wanted you to withstand everything—give everything; and now I know how wrong I

was—that I failed you when you came to me. But John, John—I'm changed now—can't you see it? I'll love you—love you and tell you so—I'll work for you, I'll learn what you want, I'll live for you, I'll be more than any other woman could be to you—for I love you! And I can't give you up—I can't—I won't—you shall not! John!"

His arms opened for her at the cry, swept her close, as though he would hold her so forever—and then he remembered Sophia.

He bent his head to Allura's hair, blinded by hot shame. When he looked up at last his young face was aged by the two ineradicable lines, from mouth to chin, that are cut in the moment of self-revelation.

"Sophia," he began brokenly, "I will not try to say anything now. To-morrow I—" His halting words ended in amazement as she stepped into the full light. Her eyes met his in the sullen steadiness of that day of the eviction posse, her mouth drooped listlessly, her handsome black brows were level and indifferent. Sympathy and tranquil joy and tender, changing color had vanished. She was the alien.

"To-morrow," he began once more, then bewilderment numbed him. "I—we—will go now," he hazarded. She shrugged her shoulders slightly—insolently.

Outside, in the light from the door, John took off his coat and laid it about Allura's shoulders; then, holding her frail, exhausted figure close, went into the night.

Sophia sat down, slowly, when they were out of sight. Outwardly the mask

still held; but there remained the deadening of her awakened soul. Once her voice cut, agonized, through the stillness!

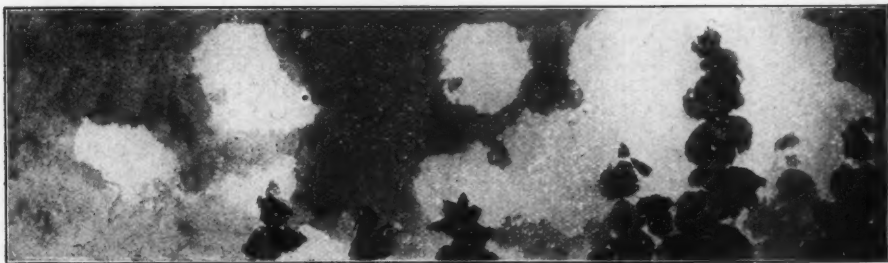
"To-morrow! My 'to-morrow'. God!" Then she battled in silence.

Just before daybreak she kindled the fire, cooked her breakfast, and ate it with purposeful appetite. When the room was cleared and in order, she took from the unsteady dresser her old square of ticking, made a bundle of her belongings, chosen with Spartan restraint, added a parcel of food, and tied the whole compactly. From under a loosened hearthstone she brought forth her savings, secreting the bills in the braids of her hair, pinning it solidly. Her month's rent, with a crude "deed of gift" to Sylvi Kennedy of all else she possessed, she placed on the table. She moved so surely, so quickly and to such effect that the east was but faintly pink when she went out to the road to look about.

There was no one in sight at that hour. She stood a moment, idle for the first time, and looked about at the things that had grown familiar—the little house, the strip of garden, the shadowy woods beyond, the straight road that led to the town. Her face was unmoved when she came back, lifted the bundle to the steps and locked the door on the outside; but at the finality of that action something awoke in her as a smoldering spark glows suddenly into life. She turned the key, sent the door crashing open, leaped to the threshold, and bruised her lips against the casement where his hand had held. And she stood so till that last spark died.





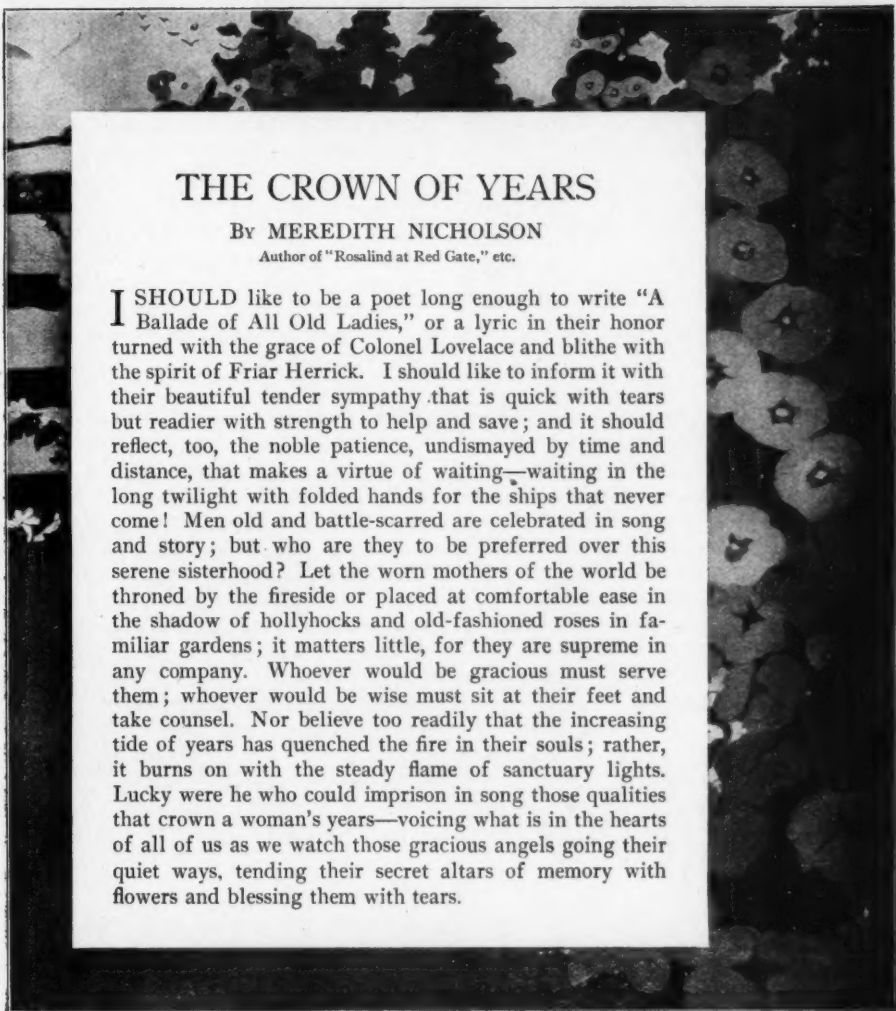


## THE CROWN OF YEARS

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "Rosalind at Red Gate," etc.

I SHOULD like to be a poet long enough to write "A Ballade of All Old Ladies," or a lyric in their honor turned with the grace of Colonel Lovelace and blithe with the spirit of Friar Herrick. I should like to inform it with their beautiful tender sympathy that is quick with tears but readier with strength to help and save; and it should reflect, too, the noble patience, undismayed by time and distance, that makes a virtue of waiting—waiting in the long twilight with folded hands for the ships that never come! Men old and battle-scarred are celebrated in song and story; but who are they to be preferred over this serene sisterhood? Let the worn mothers of the world be throned by the fireside or placed at comfortable ease in the shadow of hollyhocks and old-fashioned roses in familiar gardens; it matters little, for they are supreme in any company. Whoever would be gracious must serve them; whoever would be wise must sit at their feet and take counsel. Nor believe too readily that the increasing tide of years has quenched the fire in their souls; rather, it burns on with the steady flame of sanctuary lights. Lucky were he who could imprison in song those qualities that crown a woman's years—voicing what is in the hearts of all of us as we watch those gracious angels going their quiet ways, tending their secret altars of memory with flowers and blessing them with tears.



# IN THE WILDERNESS

HOW TO GET THERE, WHAT TO TAKE, AND WHAT YOU MUST DO  
TO MAKE YOUR BIG GAME HUNT A SUCCESS

By J. O. CURWOOD

Author of "The Twin Cities of Thunder Bay," etc.

**T**HERE is a law, I believe, which declares that one may kill when faced by peril of hunger, as long as the "kill" is not human. This I offer in excuse of what happened one day in August, which is not in the big-game season of Ontario, as every hunter knows.

Like many another seeker in the wilderness who has also told his story of misfortune, we had hoped to save ourselves a half-mile lug of our birch-bark and equipment by shooting a "fool's rapids." Now "fool's rapids," in the parlance of the north, are rapids that should never be shot, at least never when a hundred good miles lies between you and any other provision than that at your feet. Of course we lost our beans; we lost our bacon; we lost our flour.

And on this August morning, with the sun just rising over the dew-drenched wilderness on either side of us, we were making time through the Canadian desolation with that peril of hunger at our backs. Suddenly my Indian guide directed our canoe, prow foremost, into a mass of brush and verdure with an unexpectedness that nearly upset me, and, with that almost inaudible hiss of warning common to Indian hunters, he turned his face back to me, at the same time doubling himself forward

until his shoulders were scarcely above the gunwales of our birch. More thrilling than words, his posture said, "Look—Shoot!"

Not more than twenty yards ahead of us was a spectacle which is seldom the fortune of a hunter to see, unless he invades the wilderness in the mosquito and black fly days of August or early September. A huge cow moose, oblivious of our presence, was contentedly breakfasting on lily pads. Near her were two calves. One was standing inshore, knee deep in the water; the other had bravely followed its mother until it was compelled to stand on its hind legs, its forefeet supported by a mass of brushwood. We had approached thus near without causing alarm because just above us was a rapids, whose turmoil had drowned the sound of our paddles.



A BIT OF TICKLISH POLING THROUGH SHALLOW RAPIDS

I had brought with me a single weapon, a heavy caliber revolver. My experience with it had been short; my guide, from frequent demonstrations he had given, I knew to be an expert, so I cautiously passed it down to him. The brave little fellow, shoulder high in the water, was the sacrifice. I have seldom felt a keener regret than when the mother, after fleeing ashore with her remaining offspring, came out into the river again twenty rods below us and stood gazing fixedly at us for fully two minutes. I will not say she did this because she missed the creature we were dragging out of the water, for fear that some ambitious "sportsman" who has hunted in private gardens will number me among the nature fakirs. Anyway, we had moose veal for breakfast, and for dinner and supper and breakfast after that, and it was good beyond the mere detail of description.

This little tragedy occurred in the heart of what I believe to be the greatest moose country in the world—that country stretching northward from the shores of Superior through the Rainy River, Thunder Bay and Nipigon regions to Hudson Bay; but it is not of the wilderness wastes beyond these regions that I have to say, for there man has as yet scarce set his foot, but of those nearer ones that are possible to men who have no more than three weeks or a month to invest. This country begins at the back-yards of Port Arthur and Fort William. You may strike it by "decking" for passage on a lumber hooker bound for the Nipigon River; you may swing northward to it from Duluth, or approach it from the east over five hundred miles of rail. And when the conductor calls out Mackenzie or McLean or Sprucewood, or Emo or Wabigoon, there may be expectancy in your eyes and fire in your blood, for "over there" is the "bush"; and your guide, whom you have arranged for ahead, and who meets you and your luggage, explains

that "over there" means so far as you may throw a stone, if you have a strong arm. Then he adds a little to the general excitement by stating, in a casual way, that "the west bound killed a bull moose just over the station a bit last night." And he may speak with truth.



COW-MOOSE AND CALVES, FEEDING

That night the moon comes up big over the unbroken wilderness stretching on and on into No Man's Land, as your Indian guide will call it; and if your blood runs right and there is the love of the wild in your heart you will not sleep much, as my own first night has taught me, but hour after hour you will look out and over that wilderness longingly, picturing to yourself all of the things that are happening there, and regretting a thousand times the smallness of the stale and dusty life you have left in the city behind you.

But before burying yourself in these regions there are a few things you should know—matters outside of woodcraft and rifle skill, which will make your trip more interesting, and which, at the present, make of this wilderness the most interesting game country in the world. A few years ago in this part of the big-game paradise the wolf and the red deer were practically unknown. Sportsmen seldom encountered them, many Indians did not know what they were. To-day the country swarms with

them. The howl of the wolf has become a common sound of the wilderness; packs steal down in the cold nights of deep winter until they track the roads of settlements; in the hunger days of the deep snows they follow the trails of men.

"They came from over there—the



THE MONARCH YOU ARE HUNTING

deer and the wolf," said my Indian guide. "Over there" in this instance means to the south and west. The wolf and the red deer are mysteries to them. Yesterday there was none—to-day there are thousands. Those who come into frequent contact with white men understand, but the sons of the forest deeper back believe it is a miracle of the Manitou, whose blessing has fallen upon them. Even the great hunters of these regions have not yet outgrown their astonishment—such hunters as "Captain" John Ross, who has trapped in the Thunder Bay and Rainy River regions all his life; Neil McDougall, the Port Arthur Indian agent; George Hodder, Fred Weighart, and John E. Newsome, men of the rifle who are known from one end to the other of this part of the Ontario wilderness. These men have gone back over the trail of the wolf and the red deer, have traced them to the border and over the line into Minnesota and Wisconsin.

From these states, especially from Minnesota, the migratory thousands are

moving into the wilds of Canada. Poorly enforced game laws, indiscriminate slaughter at all seasons, have "put a flea into the red deer's ear," and he is hustling for a safer running ground in the fastnesses of Ontario. Each succeeding year finds the red deer more numerous, while hundreds of moose have joined also in the general exodus.

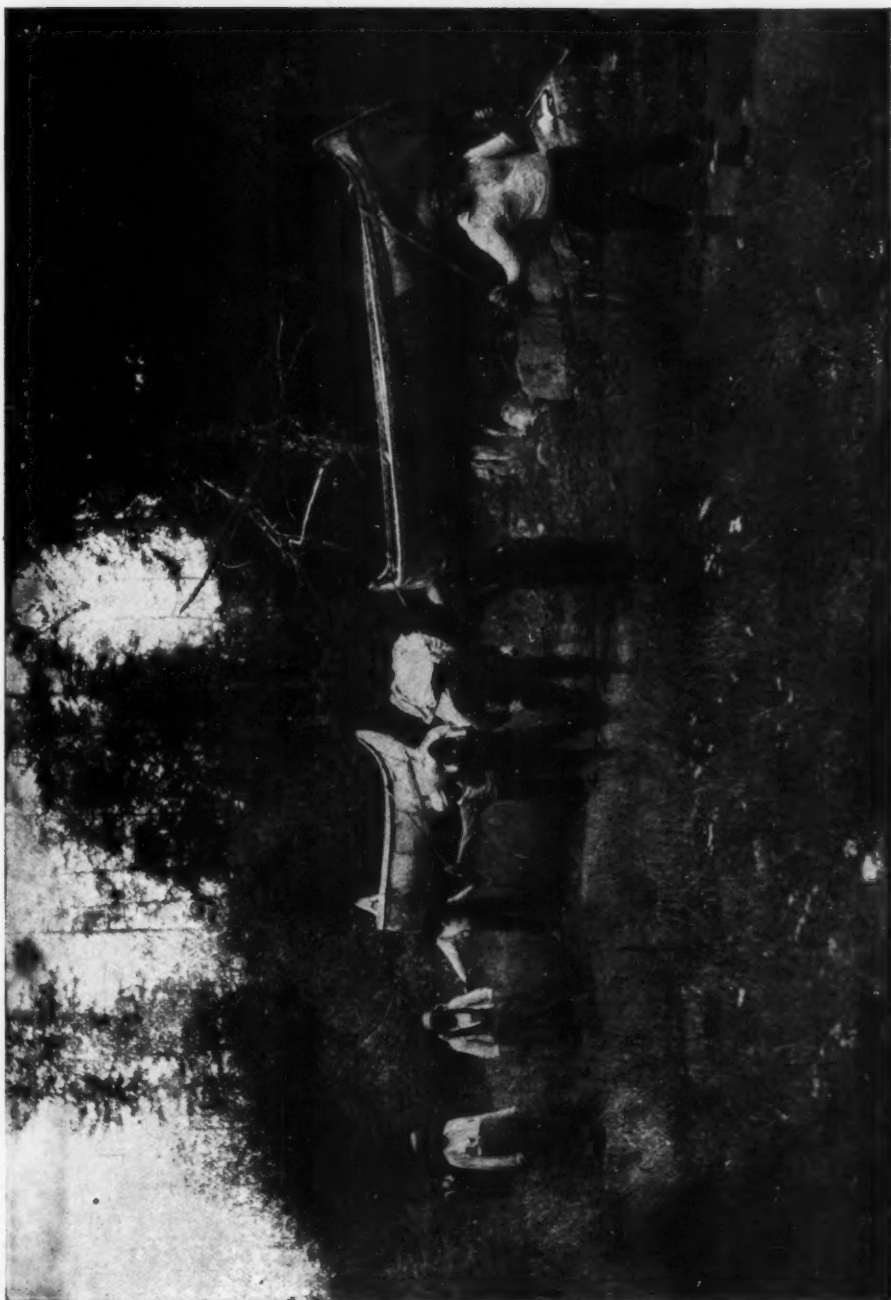
And what would the wolf do without the red deer?

Starve!

That would be his story in a single word. So, like a Nemesis, he follows hot on the trail.

This is a situation which hunters in the United States and even in eastern Canada know little about. It has not been advertised. The sportsmen of the western Ontario wilderness are willing that the moose and the red deer of Minnesota should come across the border to them, and they are also entirely willing that the knowledge of it should remain among themselves as much as possible. I was let into the secret of their joy three years ago. Each year since then I have watched the increase of game in this sportsman's paradise, and just before writing this article I took an August jaunt up into the Thunder Bay and Rainy River regions to see if another twelve months had changed the 1906 situation. They had. Hunters were worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. In a single day's excursion outside the limits of Port Arthur I saw three moose; while I was there a Port Arthurian awoke one morning to see a red deer from his bed-room window. And Port Arthur, it is to be known, is a city of fifteen thousand people, with another fifteen thousand people at Fort William, only four miles away!

In this country bears have become so numerous that many of the old hunters have ceased to class them as "game." They talk of them much as people of Michigan, Indiana or Illinois might speak of woodchucks.



IN SPITE OF THE "MILLION CREEKS AND RIVERS" THE PARTY WILL FIND ITSELF OBLIGED SOMETIMES TO CARRY  
BIRCH CANOES AND CAMP EQUIPMENT FROM ONE LAKE TO ANOTHER

UoPm



There are those in the Thunder Bay and Rainy River regions who are willing to swear that half of the bears that were in Minnesota two years ago are now in Ontario, between Lake of the Woods and Nipigon. Personally I am glad of it, for I am a firm defender of the rights of big game, and I know that in Ontario the moose and the deer, and the bear along with them, will come into their own. There one seldom encounters the "game hog" as we know him in the states. Hunters, instead of evading the law, combine to uphold it. Even the bear, an outlaw who may be shot upon sight, is universally given a right to existence and seldom meets his end during hot weather. It is an open boast of the settlers and lumbermen in Minnesota that they have venison all the year round. At the end of the Duluth, Missabe and Northern Railway, I actually ran across a moose-hunting party in August! While at Sault Ste. Marie I found a guide who engaged to give me "good and safe" hunting for five dollars a day, or twice the price of his services in the legitimate season.

I cite these facts to show one of the reasons why the Rainy River and Thunder Bay districts of Ontario form the present sportsman's paradise of North America, not even excepting the Temagami and Nipissing districts, or New Brunswick. So it behooves the American hunter who turns his face to these wildernesses to "hunt fair," first purchasing his fifty-dollar license, and then killing only as much game as the laws of Ontario allow him.

It is good to remember, too, that hunting in what I might call the "Moose Peninsula" of Ontario is considerably different from seeking game in even the wildest fastnesses of Minnesota or Michigan, although the thickest of the Minnesota bush may be less than a hundred miles south. For this reason I will describe a little of what I have learned from experience, and which may be of value to the American planning an excursion into the Canadian moose country. A glance at a map will show you what kind of a country this is. It stretches from Lake of the Woods to Nipigon, and if you take an old hunter's



IT IS THE COUNTRY THE GREAT CREATOR MADE FOR GAME, THE INDIANS SAY

word for it, "is filled with a million creeks and rivers and five million lakes." That mere fact is sufficient to set your heart thrilling with anticipation. It is the country the Great Creator made for game, the Indians will tell you, and it looks it. And it is the "guide country." That is one of the important facts I wish to emphasize. You may hunt in Michigan and Minnesota without a guide—but do not make the mistake of attempting it in Rainy River and Thunder Bay, no matter how much experience you have had in the tamer deer country of the south.

But where and how am I to get a guide? To what particular town or station shall I go? These, I know from experience, are the problems of a hunter about to go into a strange land. From Chicago and the central west one may go to Duluth and thence to Port Arthur and Fort William, where he will strike the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railroads. Unless one is nearer to Winnipeg, from where he can travel eastward into the Rainy River district, I would advise the stranger to hit Port Arthur or Fort William as a "base." It is easy to make arrangements here, both for guide and equipment. Or he can safely stop at any one of fifty stations along the railroads in the very heart of the big game country. Near Lake of the Woods it is a toss-up between Emo, Stratton or Wabigoon; eastward, on the Canadian Northern, one may jump off at Bannin, Atotokin, Kawene, Windigo and a dozen other places; and along the entire length of the Canadian Pacific, running through the more northerly part of the region, are a score of towns and stations at almost any one of which guides and equipment may be secured. For several hundred miles the Canadian Pacific carries one through an ideal game country, and westward from Fort William one may safely stop at Niblock, Shebandowan, Woonga, Butler or Wabigoon. But per-



A PARTY OF TWO IS IDEAL

sonally, if I were going for the first time into this country, I should stop at Port Arthur or Fort William.

In the moose country I prefer the "one man hunt," or, if not that, the "two man hunt." In other words, the person who goes alone with his Indian guide stands a greater chance of killing his quota of game than do the individual members of a party. The party hunt is a very agreeable institution of the Michigan and Minnesota woods, but it has its disadvantages in a country where the monarch you are hunting—the moose—has ears so keen that on a quiet evening he can hear a splash of your paddle three-quarters of a mile away. If you are taking a "one man hunt" every nerve in your body is keyed to a pitch of expectancy and hope. If you are in a canoe your Indian sits astern, as mute as a stone; not a sound falls from his lips unless it is to call attention to signs of game. With your rifle in readiness you watch the edges of the wilderness you are slipping through; if there is a shot you get it, and you take it in your own way, without excitement or fear of criticism. If you have a good Indian, and I have seldom encountered a poor one in



THERE IS ALWAYS THE PROBLEM OF GETTING  
YOUR GAME OUT AFTER IT IS SHOT

this region, you will return to civilization with all the law allows, while the results of a "two man hunt" in a birch will, in many instances, prove disappointing. But if you plan to spend most of your time in camp the situation is entirely different, and a party of two is ideal. In this case I would advise that each man hire a guide, for it is obvious that one Indian can not give satisfaction to two hunters, unless they take turns—day on and day off—in their hunting expeditions. As your guide will charge only two dollars or two dollars and fifty cents a day he will not prove very expensive.

Of course there is always the problem of getting your game out after it is shot. In the north woods of the United States, where one can get a team to carry him to almost any hunting spot over logging roads, this matter occasions no trouble, but it must be remembered that along the Forty-Ninth degree one gets into the virgin wilderness, impenetrable at times not only to horse and wagon but to man as well. The prospective hunter should not worry himself over this condition, however. His guide will help him settle the matter before they enter into the "bush." In most places, as at Wabigoon

and the settlements on the Canadian Pacific beyond Port Arthur, one may arrange for the services of a horse, and during the leisure hours of hunting days your guide will knock together a "drag," or sort of sled, for which you will have to cut a way back out of the wilderness. But even this work of getting to the railroad with your game is exhilarating sport, and may prove the most enjoyable part of the trip. If your camp is to be up or down some waterway, matters are simplified at once, for your Indian will then get you back with your game if he has to build a raft to do it.

I feel impelled to say a few words for the benefit of hunters who have never shot moose. Every sportsman knows that for the deer and bear of Michigan and Minnesota woods a rifle of comparatively small caliber is used, and it is also a fact that the hunter going for the first time after moose nearly always thinks that he must take a small cannon with him. In many instances the tenderfoot moose hunter will arm himself with a rifle that will plow a hole as big as his fist from one end of a moose to the other, crushing bones and flesh in a ruinous and entirely unnecessary way. I know of one hunter who destroyed a magnifi-



ONE REASON FOR A RAVENOUS APPETITE



BEHIND YOU IS WILDERNESS UPON WILDERNESS OF SPRUCE AND TAMARACK

cent head because he used a gun of this description, and I know of another who spoiled two-thirds of a caribou by shooting him lengthwise with the same sort of a weapon. Personally I use a thirty-five caliber autoloading Remington, which I believe is better than any heavier caliber I know of. My own gun does moose, caribou and bear work beautifully, has none of the reaction, or "kick," of what I call the "dynamite guns," and will kill game as far as one can easily see it, and without undue mutilation.

But now all of your troubles, your plans, and your fears are at an end and you are in the "bush." You find that this word so commonly used in the Canadian North is a misnomer. Around you is the wilderness that you have read

about, and dreamed of, and longed for. Just behind you is your small tent, pitched with its face against a great rock that even now, as the sun goes down, reflects in the evening chill the heat and light of the newly-made camp fire. Over this fire your Indian is preparing supper. Beyond you, stretching in a shimmering, failing light until it is lost against its dense, black rims of balsam and spruce, is the lake; behind you, thrilling you in this first hush of night, is wilderness upon wilderness of spruce and tamarack. Cautiously you go down to the edge of the lake, and there in the recently frozen earth your blood thrills at the sight of great hoof-prints, and you steal back a little later, every nerve in you tingling, to tell your guide about them.

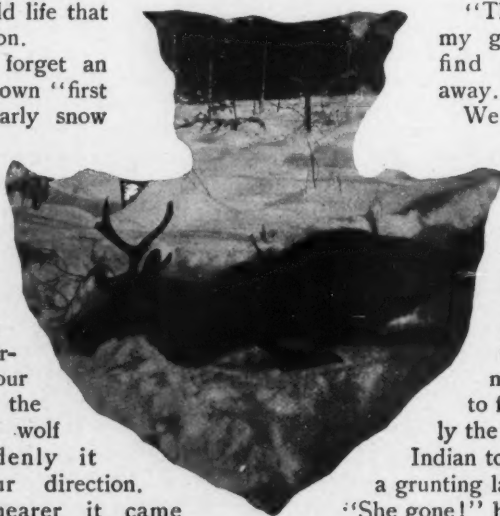


"Moose!" he says, and you two sit down there in the warmth and glow of your fire and eat your supper of bacon and beans and baked meat-cakes hot from a crackling stone, by all odds the happiest mortals in the whole wide world! And after it is done you settle back with your pipes, for the day's jaunt to the camping ground has been a long and a hard one, and your Indian tells you strange tales as the night grows deeper and blacker. Then, over the edge of the Canadian wilderness, you catch sight of the rim of the moon, and as it rises higher and higher your soul rises with it, and there falls, by mutual consent, a mysterious and beautiful silence, while your ears are keyed to catch some sound of the wild life that fills the desolation.

I will never forget an incident of my own "first night." An early snow had fallen, and every water-way was frozen. It was a clear, still night, bright with the luster of a million stars. For a quarter of an hour we had heard the hunt-cry of a wolf pack. Suddenly it turned in our direction. Nearer and nearer it came



VIRGIN WILDERNESS, IMPENETRABLE AT TIMES NOT ONLY TO HORSE AND WAGON BUT TO MAN AS WELL



until an eighth of a mile away we saw an object shoot out on the snow-covered ice of our lake. Ten rods it came—fifteen—twenty—a red deer, racing with death close behind; and by the time that twenty rods had been covered we could see black spots tumbling fast after. It was a thrilling sight and we stood mute, scarce breathing for fear of making a sound. They passed a score of rods abreast of us, and then my Indian whispered that the deer was nearing exhaustion. I could see the wolves gaining—saw the poor creature ahead stumble as it plunged up the bank of the lake, and then, and not until then, did I remember that I held a gun in my trembling hands.

"They catch her," said my guide. "She come find water—swim—get away. No water—all ice!"

We heard them circling around a quarter of a mile behind us. Then again they headed for the lake. This time I gripped my rifle and led in the direction of the sound, my sympathy fired to fever heat. Suddenly the sounds ceased. My Indian touched my arm with a grunting laugh. "She gone!" he chuckled.



# OUR OWN TIMES

STRENUOUS SPORTSMEN ABROAD—THE THIRD SALVINI—AN IMPERATIVE NATIONAL DUTY—ROOSEVELT'S SHARE IN IT—LIGHT ON THE SERVANT PROBLEM—LOST: ELINOR GLYNN'S SENSE OF HUMOR—CHESTERTON ON ENCOURAGING NASCENT GREATNESS—A NATIVE COMEDIAN—"CROSS-TALK" IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY—ARE AMERICAN EXPORTERS IGNORANT?—SOME MORALS FROM *MARCUS ORDEYNE*—KENTUCKY'S POLITICAL PRISONER

THERE is a new word in the English language—safari. Its definition is a picnic de luxe, with big game shooting thrown in, and it was invented, devised or derived by one David Garrick Longworth, an American soldier of fortune. He is what we have come to call a "promoter," and he is promoting a whole country, that of Uganda. Though he began life with the Barnum and Bailey circus, and has, in the course of his career, seen a grand opera company through South America, edited a paper in Egypt, been on the stage with Augustin Daly and performed various other *Poor Gypsy* feats, he is now stationed at Nairobi, on the Uganda Railway, and is teaching British peers, American millionaires and others the pleasures of going on a safari. The game laws of this section indicate that there is "something doing." For two hundred and fifty dollars the traveler can obtain a license entitling him to kill or capture—if he can—the following animals:

Two lions, two elephants, two rhinoceroses, two hippopotamuses, two zebras, two gemsboks, one eland, one sable hipotragas, one roan hipotragas, two kudus, two tapirs, two hartbeests, one bongo, two aard-varks, two cheetahs, two aard-wolves, two marabous, two egrets, ten antelopes of certain species and ten chevrotains!

It is small wonder that enthusiastic hunters from England have established in the neighborhood of Nairobi magnificent farms and hunting estates, or that it is becoming a favorite venture for weary statesmen and vigorous pleasure-seekers to get them into this exciting corner of the British East African possessions, and go on a safari. The very word seems to hold a latent excitement in it, and David Garrick Longworth may be congratulated upon having devised a new word and systematized a sport.

THE third Salvini dawns upon the dramatic horizon—Gustavo Salvini, grandson of the great Tomaso. Harrison Grey

Fiske, who is managing him, desired to cast him for a leading rôle in one of his own productions, but the young actor felt some diffidence at appearing in English drama, his command of the tongue not yet being assured. He wishes, therefore, to appear at the head of an Italian company, and it is probable that this will be the result of the negotiations. Gustavo Salvini's triumphs in his own country have been in the repertoire in which his father used to play, and it was in this series of plays that he made his South American tour. It is said that he possesses that same indescribable charm—that quality of fatefulness and mystery—which made his grandfather and his talented father two of the most memorable actors who ever crossed the sea to play upon American boards.

IF we as a nation are not sufficiently awakened to the dangers of exhausting our soil and other resources, it certainly will not be the fault of President Roosevelt and some of his aides. When his administration shall have passed into history, that which will redound most to his credit will be his messages and speeches favoring the reclamation of our waste lands, and his staunch support of his officers who have tried to carry out the measures, preventive and remedial, relating to such matters. The preservation of our forests and the irrigation of western deserts have found in him a powerful and enthusiastic champion, and he has lost no opportunity to urge upon the people, upon civic bodies and upon legislatures, state and national, the necessity for safeguarding against wanton waste every natural resource which will conserve our prosperity.

In our vainglorious way we have always boasted that the supplies of coal, lumber, oil and iron ore in this country were inexhaustible. With royal prodigality we have gone on, generation after generation, wasting these things and laughing down every prophet who arose to warn us that such spendthrift policy would certainly end in

calamity. Experts who plainly proved by arithmetic that present demands for timber could not continue to be supplied unless public and private efforts were bent to the replanting of denuded lands, were laughed out of court by cheap humor in the press and by the interested sophistries of trade journals. Sentiment was manufactured against the efforts of the Interior Department to enforce the forest laws, and senators and representatives forgot their oaths of office in their zeal to serve corporations which found their rapacity checked by the statutes. No forest district was ever reserved, no measure to protect public lands in the new irrigation sections ever passed without the malignant opposition of men who should have been the very ones to support and advocate them.

Mr. Roosevelt has again called attention to this extravagant waste in his speeches at Memphis and other points, during his western trip, and his able head forester, Mr. Pinchot, makes an estimate, based upon scientific and practical investigation, that our forests are not good for more than thirty-three years, our soft coal supply for more than a century, and the anthracite for half that period. He calls attention to the vast tracts of land in all parts of the country made barren and useless by forest denudation, and the effect of this timber-cutting upon climate and crops. South of Pennsylvania there are about three thousand square miles of land made waste by this act of the timber companies, with practically no effort at replacing for future generations what has been taken. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minne-



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MR. JAMES BERTRAM, SECRETARY TO ANDREW CARNEGIE. AT THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE'S HOME IN NEW YORK MR. BERTRAM HANDLES IMMENSE VOLUMES OF CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE BUSINESS AFFAIRS AND THE PHILANTHROPIC UNDERTAKINGS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN



Photographed for THE READER by Pike, Indianapolis

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

GEORGE ADE

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The first group portrait ever secured of the four native Indianians most famous in contemporary American literature

sota and the northwest Pacific states are now being made treeless at an alarming rate.

Germane to the subject of curbing the Mississippi is Mr. Pinchot's allusion to the wasting of the soil. For lack of preventive measures, that stream and its tributaries carry off every year four hundred million tons of the richest sort of sediment.

These statements will no doubt be howled down as the prophecies of a Cassandra, but they are backed by incontrovertible facts, and the enormity of their significance is apparent to all who look to the welfare of succeeding generations, and who are not content to satisfy present selfish wants.

**I**F, as was said in a recent number of this magazine, government tends more and more to express itself in terms of transporta-

tion, then President Roosevelt must be conceded his place as a great statesman. His vigorous attack of the railway problem is now followed up by an issue equally great—the question of waterways. The canal and the river is the great regulator of freights. The world is beginning to build canals—longer, deeper and better canals. The old ditches on which little barge-loads went forward by the mule on the tow-path are not for the new era; but we shall have great artificial rivers, on which deep-laden vessels, each carrying trainloads of freight, will go forward by steam or electricity. Tripling the size of boats will cut the cost of freights in three. The portages of the continent must be cut by canals, and the waterways must be deepened, canalized, and made to do the work of taking from the railways the slow,



ANNIE BESANT

Who recently lectured in this country as the leading representative of the new theosophical movement in England



FRITZ KREISLER

Said to be the world's greatest violinist. He is now on tour in the United States

heavy, bulky, crude freights which make for car shortages, industrial paralysis and costly production. The waterways will not drive out of business any railway. They will enable the railways to do the sort of business which is most profitable. There are many commodities which are as uneconomical to carry by railways as it would be to transport mail by airship or pony express. Our competitors in the world's trade are using their waterways in their efforts to excel us in cheap production. As water transportation is from five to fifteen times as cheap as railway carriage, this must be a great advantage to them. And yet we have the finest natural waterway system in the world. The Mississippi, most of the time, has water enough for the deepest-laden vessels. If Germany had the chance we have, her warships would find free passage from gulf to lakes as soon as energy and skill could make the channel, and her merchants would load cargoes in the heart of the continent for all the world. Canada will soon have deep-water ship passage from the lakes to Montreal and out to sea. Are we willing to let our friends of the north command the only way for cargoes out—and for navies in? Roosevelt shows constructive statesmanship in his championship of waterways.

"I WAS very proud of my wife," said a gentleman the other day, "when she refused to take an apartment that would have been immensely convenient for both of us, because the servant's room was small, dark and disagreeable. She said we would stay where we are, though that means that I have farther to go to my business, and that the children have a little longer walk to school, and the living room is less attractive than in the rejected apartment."

"Well," said the lady who had made this disinterested choice, "Hannah is a good girl, and one with nice instincts. She likes to keep herself dainty, and to busy herself about pleasant things in the afternoon, in her rest time. I feel I must have a pleasant window for her to sit by while she is reading and resting or sewing. It seems as if the very least I could do was to make her comfortable and to surround her with sanitary and pleasant conditions. I know, of course, that good resolutions and reasonable concessions will not meet the servant problem. I don't

know how it is going to be met, but I see on every hand evidences—that the situation is becoming acute. There is no use in scolding about it. The thing is to devise some way out of the difficulty. Some say it will be a return to simpler living, and that every woman will have to do the greater part of her own work, depending merely upon help hired for the day. I have a number of friends who are so worn out with the struggle that they have gone to Europe, with no thought of returning. But I do not want to run away from the difficulty. I would like to face it and to have my part in making an adjustment right here in my own town, between the mistress and her employé. My own idea is that the two greatest causes of dissatisfaction among the domestics is, first, the long day, and second, the loneliness. Now, my maid gets up at six. She is on duty until half past nine. That is fifteen hours and a half. I mitigate this by letting her have a part of each afternoon for rest, and Thursday and Sunday afternoons free. But even with these concessions, and notwithstanding the fact that I make a point of seeing that she has the magazines and the newspapers when we have finished with them, I still feel that her life is too alien, too much apart, too lonely and demanding. I would like to see each apartment building provided with a good amusement hall or living room for the servants—some large, cheerful general room where they could gather evenings and have music or games. The only service a maid has to perform in the evening, usually, is to answer the door, and if a bell register were placed in this general room she would still be able to perform that duty. However, I am old-fashioned, and I think the mistress could wait on her own door, at least on such evenings as she was not expecting invited guests. Then—since girls of the sort who help us in our homes need guidance just as much as our own daughters—I would have the lights in this amusement room put out at ten or half after, and every one in bed, ready for the work of the next day. I know some mistresses would object that this mingling of the servants would mean gossiping and all that; but that, I take it, is something beyond our right to interfere with. We also make the mistake of gossiping, but that does not debar us from having further opportunity to do the same thing. Now, this is



MARIE DORO AS CARLOTTA

The heroine in W. J. Locke's play "The Morals of Marcus"



MAY ROBSON AS AUNT MARY

In the play of that name, founded on Anne Warren's book "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"



only one of the many theories I have on this subject, but I feel, in saying that house servants have too long a day, I hit at the very core of their discontent."

LOST, somewhere between "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "Three Weeks," a sense of humor. The finder will please return to Elinor Glynn. We do not presume to offer a reward, because Mrs. Glynn seems to be unconscious of her loss, and might not know what to do with the article if she got it back. Not so very long ago an absent-minded young man was hurrying along Twenty-third street, New York, with a crook-handle umbrella safely hooked over his left forearm. Hearing a timid "Excuse me," and feeling the touch of a detaining hand, he turned to find a young lady holding a dilapidated umbrella toward him and saying, "I think this is yours, sir." "Thank you," he replied confidently, "but I have mine here," and he touched his left arm to reassure himself. She was embarrassed, but persistent. "I saw you drop it," she said. So to convince her he held out his arm and showed her—a shepherd's crook handle, and nothing more. It was now his turn to be embarrassed. But he thanked her, reunited handle and umbrella, and, to prevent a recurrence of the absurdity carried the thing by the middle the rest of his way. When he reached home he had an umbrella and no handle. Something of this kind seems to have happened to Elinor Glynn. Mrs. Glynn began life, so far as the reading public is concerned, as a highly moral little immoralist. She turned the light of a twinkling and hoydenish humor upon the naturalness of nature, the uselessness of some conventions, and the unwholesomeness of all hypocrisy. Of course, the unnaturals, the conventionals and the hypocrites hastened to tell her what they thought of her. And so, driven to taking herself seriously, and convinced by a consciousness of injustice that her mission was to interpret life with a large L, she has turned into a highly immoral and self-complacent little moralist, which is about the most uninteresting and reprehensible thing she could have turned into. Mrs. Glynn herself informs us that "Three Weeks" is a deep study of a noble woman who was beyond the ordinary laws of morality. As a matter of fact, it is a hifalutin attempt to make the fig of senti-

mentality grow upon the thistle of license. So much for an umbrella without a handle, and an imagination without a sense of humor.

IT may be said by the more austere critics that Mr. Chesterton's book on Charles Dickens fails to arrive at any definite point, but if this is the case it is because Mr. Chesterton has so many ideas that he is constantly interrupting himself with them. Any debating society—if such things still exist—that wishes to gather suggestions for an unlimited series of verbal contests will find material of infinite variety in this volume. Almost every paragraph stirs one to applause or violent dissent. Any one suffering from poor circulation will do well to peruse—if so quiet a word may be employed—this book, and he will find himself aroused to sudden fervors of dissent and agreement. One gets no further than the portals of the book before he is confronted with the theory that a nation itself is responsible for the mediocrity or genius of its men.

"The spirit of the early century," observes Mr. Chesterton, "produced great men, because it believed that men were great. It made strong men by encouraging weak men. Its education, its public habits, its rhetoric, were all addressed toward encouraging the greatness in everybody. And by encouraging the greatness in everybody it naturally encouraged superlative greatness in some. Superiority came out of the high rapture of equality. It is precisely in this sort of passionate unconsciousness and bewildering community of thought that men do become more than themselves. No man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature; but a man may add many cubits to his stature by not taking thought. The best men of the (French) Revolution were simply common men at their best. That is why our age can never understand Napoleon. Because he was something great and triumphant, we suppose that he must have been something extraordinary, something inhuman. Some say he was the devil; some say he was superhuman. Was he a very, very bad man? Was he a good man with some greater moral code? We strive in vain to invent the mysteries behind that immortal mask of brass. The modern world, with all its subtleness, will never guess his strange secret; for his strange secret was that he was like most people."



Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

The Princess Marie Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, sixth in line from Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon

By Mr. William Cleburne Swanson of Alabama, the possessor of this portrait, believed to be the only one owned in this country, THE READER has courteously been given the right of publication

MR. W. J. Crane is one of the most genial and homely of our native comedians. He does not, as some have thought he would, take the place of the late Mr. Jefferson, however. In some ways, in temperament and physique especially, he is not fitted to such rôles as the latter made his own. For this reason he has never been furnished with a "life part" like *Bob Acres* or *Rip*. On the other hand, the public has had the advantage of seeing him in many rôles, some of them lasting for several years, and in all he has given great delight. In the scale of dramatic art he is below the place occupied by Jefferson, and critics put him in style and versatility more on the level of such comedians of the past as Buckstone and Toole, in England, and Burton and Florence, in America. The parts he played in "David Harum" and "The Henrietta," to go no further back, were admirably fitted for his art. He has the unctuous humor popularly associated with bourgeois comedy, and it is in such homely middle-class parts that he excels.

He has found happily another agreeable

rôle in George Ade's delightful comedy, "Father and the Boys," which has recently been produced and most enthusiastically received. It is a matter of satisfaction that we now have a number of native playwrights capable of producing plays of sterling worth for our chief actors. The American stage, in spite of forebodings, has at present brighter prospects in actors and their plays than for many years.

WIRELESS telegraphy has been so long coming that we are prone to doubt whether it has arrived. It has had to creep before it could walk; but the creeping has been so protracted! Logically, the stocks of the telegraph companies should have broken wildly when Marconi at last announced the opening of his stations for commercial messages across the Atlantic. Nothing of the sort has taken place, however. Nothing is so timid as a million dollars, and there are several millions invested in submarine cables which really successful wireless telegraphy would render junk. The inference from the situation is that the cable people do not believe that the successful wireless has really come. Several things lead the layman to be doubtful. The wireless instruments of the United States at Washington were put to all sorts of annoyance recently because a school-boy had rigged up a sending station of his own and was injecting into the grave messages of the officers his own rather disrespectful observations. It was fun for the school-boy, but bad for the officers—and for the prospects of wireless telegraphy. Marconi must have some system of tuning, one would say, which will enable him, theoretically at least, to send his messages free from the effects of other flying Hertzian waves. If he has not, his system will break down just in proportion to its success; for the more messages there are the more interference there must be. If he has, why are the cable companies so calm? Time will tell, of course. Everybody wishes the plucky Italian savant well—and would feel surer of having his good wishes come to fruition if the various wireless stations were not in the habit of picking up



THE FIRST PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY

Which convened in The Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento, Manila, on the sixteenth of October. Secretary Taft was present

messages so frequently which have been meant for some one else. In telephone parlance, the wireless will be a success if Marconi can get rid of the "cross-talk."

OUR American manufacturers have been accused of obstinacy and lack of adaptability in the matter of humoring and coddling the foreign trade in such matters as packing, tins, and the like. The Germans study to please the foreigner down to the driving of the nails in the cases. Have they any other points of superiority over us? Robert Kennedy Duncan, who is professor of industrial chemistry at the University of Kansas, and a big new man in the world of scientific teaching, says in his "The Chemistry of Commerce" that the European manufacturer, and especially the German, knows more than we do, and does things in a more scientific way. We have the counting room phase of the business well in hand, and in most trades our machines are as good as the world can show, but our plants are run by "practical" men who have come up from the bench or forge or sample-case, and who have been wont to despise the student. But this is the day of the student. The student is the man who lets loose mysterious agencies for utilizing waste. There is a corporation on the Rhine which has spent millions on laboratory work in the effort to "make" indigo (instead of growing it), and is driving the indigo-growers out of business—much such a thing as if some one should discover a way of "making" tobacco leaves or hemp fiber. These people *do* make silk fiber. The great sulphuric acid industry is threatened by this German syndicate of brains and cash. A Norwegian firm is making nitric acid direct from the atmosphere at a cost thirty per cent. less than Chili saltpeter, and holding out hope that the fertility of the earth is to be maintained. Professor Frank, of Charlottenberg, had an idea that nitrogen might be fixed for commercial purposes through some carbide process; he found in a great German firm the help the lone student could not fail to need. Great profits came



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ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS ("FIGHTING BOB"), WHO IS TO COMMAND THE PACIFIC FLEET, AND HIS GRANDSON ROBLEY EVANS SEWELL

out of it. The German student who develops a new thing in commercial chemistry finds bankers and captains of industry ready to make a partner of him. Professor Duncan finds in this partnership of investigators and capitalists the secret of German success. Are our manufacturers so ignorant and benighted? If so, why? Perhaps Duncan is right when he says that the great manufacturing trusts are copying German methods, and that many a small manufacturer is finding himself pressed to the wall by superior knowledge of things of which it does not pay the trust to tell. If so, the small manufacturer is to blame. There is no tariff on knowledge. Let the American manufacturer realize that the day has arrived when no really practical man will be without that knowledge of the substances and processes with which he deals that is only to be obtained from specialists freed from the details of business—from students and investigators.



MINNIE DUPREE IN THE SUCCESSFUL COMEDY "THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"

This highly original fantasy, by Beulah M. Dix and E. G. Sutherland, represents the heroine of A. D. 1903 reborn in the heroine of A. D. 1603

IF W. J. Locke had been wholly successful in visualizing for theater-lovers the delightful and astounding characters of his novel, "The Morals of Marcus," he would have accomplished a well-nigh impossible task. The book is almost too good to be true; for which reason its dramatization were boundlessly beyond human hope. To be persuaded, while under the spell of the printed page, that *Carlotta* could have been abducted by prosaic *Harry Robinson* and left in London, virgin in spite of her beauty, for *Sir Marcus Ordeyne* to pick up and adore, requires an abandonment to the power of woven words such as only Locke the novelist can impel. Locke the playwright, in his carefully constructed comedy of manners, fails inevitably to do the trick. None the less, that is an interesting and, in spots, alluring piece, which, based on the novel, was given its first American production at the Park Theater, Boston, in October, with Marie Doro in the part of *Carlotta*. Even

though the play is much less fascinating and nothing like so convincing as the novel, it is a well-constructed bit of dramatic writing, and deals with several characters of unusual human interest. But in spite of the fact that *Carlotta* was ordained by managerial fiat to be the star of the piece, and hence the center of all situations, it is because of *Sir Marcus* that the play is what it is, just as in the book we are interested in *Carlotta* chiefly because of her reaction upon her benefactor. Mr. Locke's friends like to hint that his traits and aspect suggest a little those of the imaginary *Ordeyne*. Tall and fair of person, the author has, like his hero, the air of a quiet, gentle observer of life. Like *Sir Marcus*, too, Mr. Locke knows and loves his immoral Renaissance. He is most at home in his little study with a distant view of the Harrow hills, browsing in leisure hours among the learned tomes which reflect the intimate life of such forgotten folk as the "Uscoques." But he knows his London, as well as medi-



aval Italy, and it is because of this fact, chiefly, that the present play, with Aubrey Smith, the accomplished English actor, in the part of *Sir Marcus*, will be enjoyed everywhere by cultivated audiences. Marie Doro is charmingly winsome as she dances through the play, even though she does not impersonate with utter satisfaction the elf-like damsel from Hamid's harem. Surely it is not her fault that the people in front persist in declaring *Carlotta* as mythical as the immortal "Mrs. Harris," delightful Mr. Locke to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE eyes of the nation are again upon Kentucky. In the recent election it went Republican by a heavy majority, and this "calls for more talk." Seven years ago it went Republican also, and in the bitter struggle which followed the election returns Senator Goebel was murdered, his Democratic confrères assumed government of the state, and the Republican leaders were harassed, hunted, exiled and imprisoned. One hun-



CALEB POWERS

dred thousand dollars was appropriated to find the assassin. The money was used, but the man who fired the shot has never been

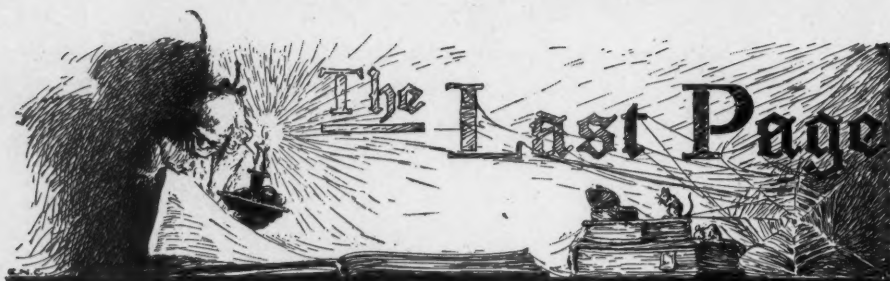


J. OBED SMITH

Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, Canada

apprehended. Caleb Powers, elected secretary of state by the vote of the people, was arrested and thrown into prison on the vague charge of "complicity in the murder of Goebel." Mr. Powers was sixty-seven miles away from Frankfort when the shot was fired. Caleb Powers terms himself "the American Dreyfus." He has been tried three times. He has been sentenced twice to imprisonment for life, and once to be hanged. The juries which returned these verdicts were made up of Goebel Democrats, and the judge who presided in each instance was a Goebel judge. Each of the verdicts above mentioned has been reversed by the higher court. A fourth trial is now in progress at Georgetown. When a judge was to be chosen for this fourth trial Mr. Powers submitted to Governor Beckham the names of twenty-five Democratic circuit judges, any one of whom would have been acceptable to him to try his case. The governor rejected them all and named his own judge.

Mr. Powers has been interviewed since the election, but has little to say beyond what he has always said. He maintains that he is not only innocent, but that he knows nothing whatever concerning the murder of Senator Goebel. He does not want a pardon, and he will not ask for one when Governor-elect Willson takes his seat. He holds that he has done no wrong, and therefore there is nothing to be pardoned. What he demands is a fair trial. Given this, he believes that he will eventually secure acquittal.



## THE LITTLE BOY FOOLS SANTA CLAUS

By S. M. TALBOT

Dear Santy: I'm the little boy  
At number five six four,  
In front you'll see my black bull pup—  
The name is on the door.  
Please bring me loads an' loads o' things,  
When Chris'mas comes this year,  
'Cause I have had the measles and  
A risin' in my ear.

An' Santy, if you'll be so good,  
Bring toys enough fer two,  
'Cause I am twins, dear Santy Claus,  
An' less 'an 'at won't do.  
But don't bring more 'an one alike,  
Fer we kin swap, you see—  
An 'mark 'em "Billy"—I will 'vide  
Ez fair ez fair kin be.

## HENDRICK, THE EASY MARK

Hon. John K. Hendrick, a former member of congress from the First Kentucky District, and at present the Democratic nominee for attorney-general of Kentucky, has a reputation for kind-heartedness which extends all over the state.

In speaking of him a few days ago a friend said: "When Colonel Hendrick is elected attorney-general and reaches Frankfort, he will prove an easy mark for the horde of beggars and blood-suckers who infest this city, as they do all small capital cities."

"Why," said a friend standing near, "is Colonel Hendrick so easy as all that?"

"Easy, did you say? Why, I should say so. I once saw him loan a man money to pay the expenses of taking the bankrupt law."

## "FATTY"

By EDWIN L. SABIN

I'm "Fatty." When the kids play ball  
They none of 'em want me at all.  
They choose up-sides, to try and win,  
And at the last, why, I'm *thrown in*  
Jest as a sort of extra, see?  
"We'll give you Fatty," they cry. Gee!  
I can't play even two-old-cat.  
Somehow, they think, becuz I'm fat.

The other kids can climb and run  
And always have a lot of fun.  
But I'm "Jumbo," and "Barnum's pet!"  
And when I exercise I sweat.  
I float, but I'm no good at dives.  
In summer time I have the hives.  
You can't have nothin' worse 'n that!  
Oh, darn it, wish I wasn't fat!

I dunno why it is I'm so.  
Pa says I'm like my uncle Joe  
Who died. Ma says that all *her* kin  
Is noted for their bein' *thin*!  
Why is it, then? For I can't see  
Why all this fatness picked on *me*.  
I don't see where's the tit for tat  
About it, makin' *me* so fat.

The girls don't like me more 'n boys,  
Becuz I puff and make a noise.  
There's only one—that Susie Kerr—  
And she's fat, so I don't like *her*.  
When I grow up I'll be worse still,  
They say. Do you suppose I will?  
I won't know where my feet are at!  
It's awful, darn it, bein' fat.

"Why do they have a banking business connected with that large department store?"

"They put the money out at interest while the customers wait for change."

